

A woodblock-style illustration of a crane in a landscape. The crane is positioned in the lower-left quadrant, facing right with its head bowed. It has dark, textured feathers. Behind the crane is a large, bright yellow full moon. A thin, horizontal red line, possibly representing a body of water or a path, runs across the lower part of the moon. The background is dark, with stylized, light-colored trees and foliage scattered throughout. The title 'JAPONICA' is printed in a large, yellow, serif font in the upper right area.

JAPONICA

• SIR EDWIN ARNOLD •

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JAPONICA



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THE MUSMEE

JAPONICA

BY

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Author of "The Light of Asia"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM

NEW YORK

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P R E F A C E

As I am quitting Japan a communication arrives from the conductors of "Scribner's Magazine," intimating their desire to reprint the articles entitled "Japonica" in book form, and inviting me to prefix a few words by way of introduction.

The invitation is welcome on three grounds: first, because it permits me to thank my friend Mr. Blum for his admirable artistic co-operation; next, because it affords me opportunity to make sincere apologies for the necessarily discursive and imperfect character of the subjoined pages; and lastly, because it enables me to say, in bidding farewell—I hope only temporarily—to fair and friendly Japan, how much I desire to emphasize all the favorable things I have written about the land and people, and how deeply grateful I feel to the innumerable Japanese friends, of all sorts and conditions, who have conspired to render my year's sojourn among them one of unbroken grace, profit, and pleasure.

It is much if any man can register, amid the vicissitudes of time, one whole annus delectabilis, with none but delightful

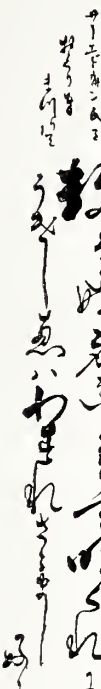


experiences and agreeable memories. Yet this the writer owes to the country he is leaving, where he has found a tranquillity of life and of surroundings—due to gentle and gracious manners, everywhere prevailing, and to a high, though unique and specialized, civilization—as conducive to pleasant study as it was restorative to a mind wearied with the haste and heat of our Western daily existence. What can repay such a debt on the part of the stranger except its warm acknowledgment and life-long interest in the peace and prosperity of beautiful Japan?

I feel, just at present, that there is no word in any language more pathetic and full of suppressed emotions, than “Sayonara,” the Japanese “Good-by.” This kindly people render parting more sad than it would be by their habit of seeing the very last of their friends and lovers. You cannot, as you would wish to do,

*“Fold your tent, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away.”*

They will offer you farewell banquets, make you speeches of good-speed, cover you with parting gifts and favors, and come in crowds, with sympathizing hearts and moistened eyes, to see the train roll away with you. It is especially the graceful custom to address to a departing friend verses in the old classical Japanese style, inscribed on colored or gilded paper. The family of my landlord thus honored me with five splendid slips of highly-decorated verse, one from each member of the amiable household.

Here are reproductions of three out of the number, faithfully transcribed and translated :

 <p>FROM O YOSHI SAN TO SIR ED- WIN ARNOLD.</p> <p><i>Honji text :</i></p> <p>Kazu narann Mi wo itawaribe Akekure ni Ukeshi megumi wa Wasure zarama- shi</p> <p><i>Translation :</i></p> <p>Great my unwor- thiness, Yet, by your fa- vor, I Evening and morning Such kindness had As cannot be for- gotten.</p>	 <p>FROM O FUKU SAN TO SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.</p> <p><i>Honji text :</i></p> <p>Wadazumi no Namiji wo toku Hedatsu tomo Ikade wasuren Kimi ga megumi wo</p> <p><i>Translation :</i></p> <p>Of the spacious sea Many the billows Widely dividing us, Yet, dear Friend, vainly Roll they between our souls.</p>	 <p>FROM MR. ASSO TO SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.</p> <p><i>Honji text :</i></p> <p>Ikanirishi Enishi naruran Harakarano Tomotoshi omou Kotokuni no hito</p> <p><i>Translation :</i></p> <p>What was your secret To grow so near, So dear, and brotherly ? To seem so kin- dred, Come from that far-off Land ?</p>
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“ Sayonara ! ” then. Farewell to Japan, with all hopefulness for the progress of this noble nation, and all gratitude for the grace and friendliness of her refined and gifted people. “ Sayonara ! Mata o me ni Kakarimas made ! Good-by, till once again, I hang in your honorable eyes ! ”

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Kyoto, Christmas, 1890.

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I.

JAPAN—THE COUNTRY





THERE are two Japaus. One commenced its national life, so says mythical history, six hundred and sixty years before our era, with the accession of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno. The other, everybody knows, came into existence about twenty-three years ago, in "the first of Meiji." Neither of them can be ever at all completely understood even by the most intelligent and indefatigable foreign observer. You ought certainly to have been born under one of the great Shogunates, the last of which fell amid battle and revolution in A.D. 1868, to comprehend in any intimate way ancient Japan; and you should be native-bred, a living part of the present brand-new order of things, to have a reasonable chance of feeling as this people feels and looks upon the outer and inner world with their eyes. Let nobody, therefore—least of all a mere traveller—venture to theorize too boldly about Japan and the Japanese. He is pretty sure to go wrong somewhere if he does. The first impressions which a fairly intelligent stranger may form of men and cities, manners and customs, in this delightful but incomprehensible "Land of the Rising Sun," have their value if carefully recorded; and his

conclusions may not prove wholly without interest about its past, present, and future, when he has learned something of the language, and discovered how much he can never learn upon a hundred intensely attractive points. Even the artists have not really found out Japan yet; nor realized what color, what novelty, what refinement, what remarkable things in Nature and Art and Humanity she keeps awaiting them in the silvery light of her atmospheres, along with all sorts of absurdities and grotesqueries. There are many and many landscapes, in the hills and along the sea-shores of these fair islands which would present a new world to real lovers of scenery; and in the little, girlish steps of a *musumē*, crossing the mats of the tea-house, or tripping down the street on her wooden clogs, there is oftentimes a grace of special movement—a delicate, strange play of folds and feet—which no Western painter has thus far caught, and which is something midway between the pacing of fantail pigeons and the musical gait of Greek maidens on the friezes of the Parthenon.

The two Japans are, of course, perpetually blended. The younger nation, which has only just come of age, is all for railways, telegraphs, and European developments, including some of the least desirable and profitable. Yet the older nation lives on, within and around the Japan of new parliaments, colored wide-awakes, and Parisian costumes, and from time to time fiercely asserts itself. My lamented friend, the late Viscount Mori, Minister for Japan to Washington, and afterward to London—and one of the most enlightened of her modern statesmen—was assassinated in Tokio on February 11, 1889, really as an enemy to the independence of his country on account of his reforms, but ostensibly because he had lifted up the curtain of the shrine at Ise with his walking-stick. Only a few weeks back, in a neighboring district, the editor of a Japanese journal was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully in a leading



THE LITTLE GIRLISH STEPS OF A MUSUMÉ TRIPPING DOWN THE STREET.

article about that very ancient dignitary the Emperor Jimmu. Considering that the potentate in question—albeit first of all Mikados—was so vastly remote as to be declared grandson or grandnephew of the Sun Goddess herself, and is said to have conquered Japan with a sword as long as a fir-trunk and the aid of a miraculous white crow's beak, one would think criticism was free as to His Majesty "Kamu-Yamato-Iware-Biko." But the Japanese administration generally, and the censorship of the press in particular, will have no trifling with the established traditions of Dai-Nippon. Japan took from China, along with her earliest imported religion (Shintoism), a measureless respect for ancestors, however fabulous; and, strangely enough, while her educated people disbelieve the legends of the gods, they seem to accept, or, at any rate, demurely repeat, the historical stories which relate how an empress stilled the waves of the sea by sitting down upon them, and how emperors had fishes for their ministers, and were transformed into white or yellow birds. Afterward, from China, came Buddhism, and with it the all-important tea-leaf and tea-cup; and Confucianism, if it had features deplorably materialistic, yet inculcated that loyalty to chiefs and that reverence and devotion to parents which have formed the keystones of the Japanese social system.

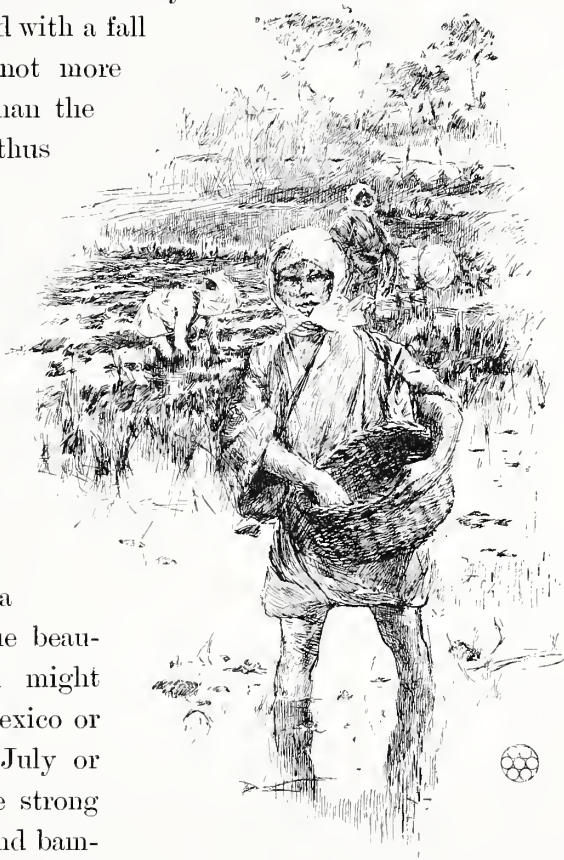
Nihon or Nippon—like our own word Japan—are corruptions of the Chinese Jip-pên, which means "The place the sun comes from." Marco Polo's Zipangu is derived from the same word, for it was by way of China that Japan was first heard about. In classic Japanese the land is styled "O-Mi-Kuni," the "Great August Country," and the learned Mr. Chamberlain gives, among many appellatives, yet another name, which probably you would not wish me to repeat very constantly—"Toyo-ashi-wara-no-chi-aki-no-naga-i-ho-aki-no-mizu-ho-no-kuni"—which signifies "The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains; The Land-of-Fresh-Rice-Ears; of a-Thousand-Streams; of Song; of Five-Hundred-Autumns." It

should meanwhile interest all Americans to be reminded that their great country was discovered, quite as an accident, by Christopher Columbus on his first trip, while he was really looking for Zipangu; which region he still endeavored perpetually to reach, on all his subsequent voyages to America.

Japan is so broken up, so *accidenté* in surface and contour, that not more than fifteen per cent. of her soil lies available for cultivation, and only two-thirds of it has, as yet, been brought under the *suki* and *kuwa* of the blue-frocked Japanese farmer. That hard-working person has little or nothing to learn from Western science, cultivating his land, as he does, with not less skill than industry. Half his time is passed knee-deep in the sticky swamps of the rice-grounds; but he seems to mind this no more than the odors of the liquid manure which is so carefully hoarded and distributed by ladlefuls with rash disregard of the traveller's nose. The climate suits him a great deal better than it does the mere resident or the tourist. Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the evergreen peaks of Nippon; while in winter, so great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiû-Shiû—which lies in the same latitude with the mouths of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has, all the while, divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, during the chilly and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, while the summer days are golden. For this the tea-plant, the young bamboo-shoots, and the other subtropical vegetation, wait patiently underneath the snows; indeed, all the sun-loving plants of the land have learned, like the inhab-

itants, to “wait till the clouds roll by.” Some of the most beautiful know how to defy the worst weather with a curious hardihood. You will see the camellias blossoming with the ice thick about their roots, and the early plumb-looms covered with a fall of snow which is not more white and delicate than the petals with which it thus mingles.

The landscape in Japan takes a double character, from her subtropical latitude, and her Siberian vicinity. The zones and kingdoms of the North and South meet as on a border region, in the beautiful islands. You might think yourself in Mexico or India on many a July or August day, for the strong sun and the palms and bamboos. April and October, with peach, azalea, and cherry



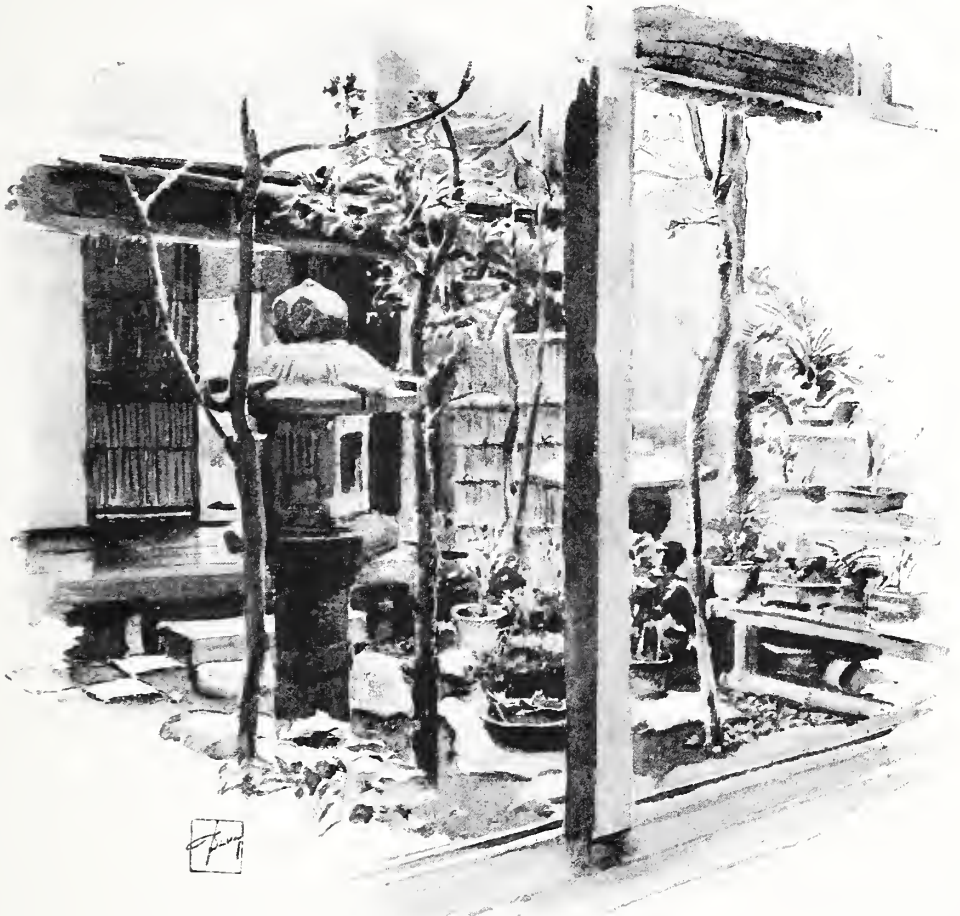
IN A RICE-FIELD.

flower at one time, and peonies and chrysanthemums at the others, make one recall Italy and southern England; and then again at December, the bare deciduous trees, with dark patches of pine and laurel, bring to thought Kamchatka or Scandinavia. On the whole, though a fairly healthy climate, and excellent, apparently, for children, it must not be greatly praised. Autumn

and spring are the best seasons. The June rains are followed by six sultry weeks called *dô-yô*, which prove very "muggy" and trying, and from November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the winds oftentimes savagely bleak. Tokio has 58.33 inches of yearly rainfall, as against 24.76 at Greenwich. Grass lawns, for all that, do not turn green until May. By an unhappy arrangement of Nature, north winds blow steadily in the winter, and the southerly winds pretty constantly all the summer ; but one must remember, while thus generalizing, that Japan is a large and long country, touching the Arctic circle at the Kuriles, and the Tropic of Cancer at the Loo-Choo group, and exhibits, accordingly, many climates.

Countries always seem to me to possess, as much as individuals, a countenance, features, lineaments ; composed in some manner, more easily felt than defined, of geological, floral, botanical, zoölogical, and other local characteristics in looks and colors, so that I think I should know India, Egypt, Norway, Palestine, Italy, Greece, and America, in fact, whatever regions I may have visited, in whatever nook or corner of them I chanced to be dropped. So, after a while, one forms an ideal of the "face of Japan"—and fair and noble, and very fitted to awaken patriotic attachment is that face. The normal landscape in Japan is not grotesque, nor in the least unnatural, as some have perhaps imagined who judge it by the screens, the fans, and the lacquered boxes of its artists. This people loves to play with Nature, dwarfing her trees, twisting them into fantastic forms, filling a little clay backyard with bowlders of granite or limestone ; piling up miniature mountains in a bit of a garden, and creating upon them minute forests, tiny lakes, and bridges for fairies to cross. But Japan herself, and at large, is as sane and sweet of aspect as Scotland or New England ; with a general *cachet* about her scenery, less of what is wild and grand than of what is reposeful, charming, and gracious. The typical Japanese land-

scape along the southern shores, between Kioto and Tokio, is distinctly special to the country ; more so than the hill regions, which remind you of many other wooded and mountainous dis-



A LITTLE CLAY BACKYARD.

tricts, until you note the vegetation closely. Wide flats of land, either levelled by alluvial action or carefully laid out in terraces along the whole course of a valley, are seen marked off in regular squares and oblongs for rice and other moisture-loving crops. These are kept almost perpetually under water, divided by nar-

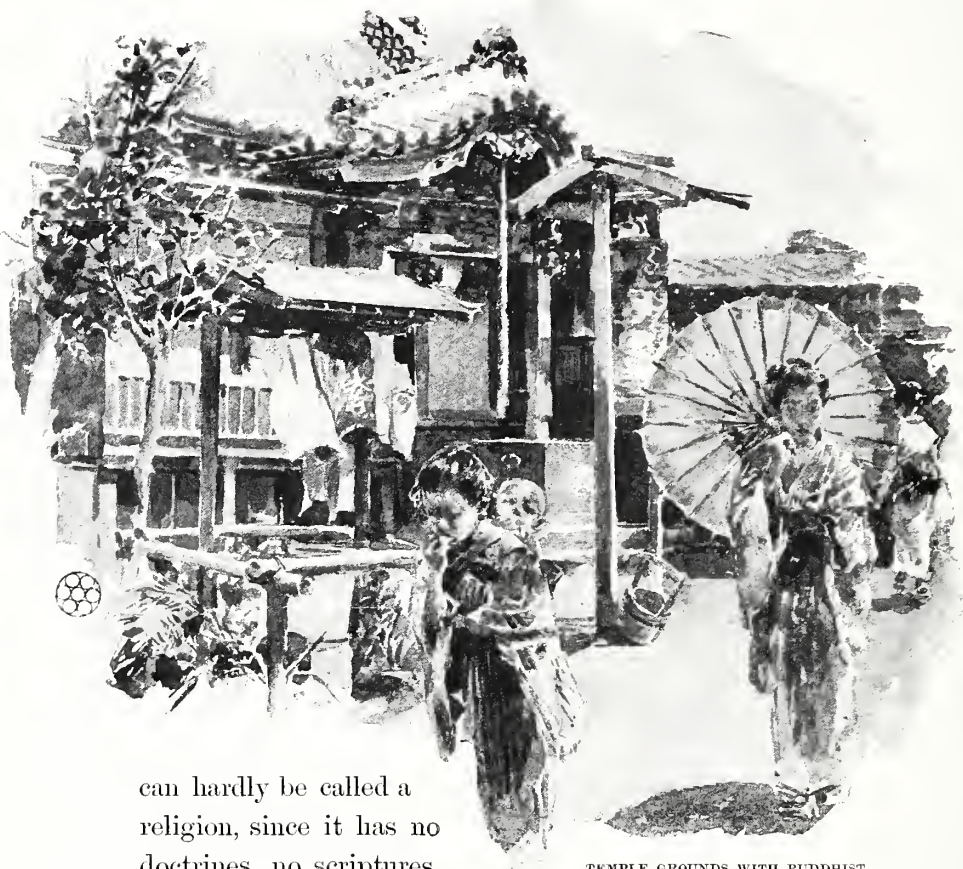


HEAD OF THE STREET, ENO-
SHIMA. SHOWING THE EN-
TRANCE TO THE TEMPLE
GROUNDS.

row banks of earth, where the cultivators can just pass in single file ; and in winter they present a rather dreary vista of gleaming swamps and black rice-roots. At Nagoya, in the great military manœuvres, it was a curious spectacle to see a large body of infantry suddenly thrown into one of these rice-valleys, to cross to the opposite hills in order to deliver an attack upon the Emper-

or's central batteries. For soldiers, loaded with arms and ammunition, the rice-fields themselves were impassable, and the four or five thousand men engaged spread out in long strings upon every slender bank, like a swarm of ants defiling along the lines of a chess-board. Overhanging the rice-plots are generally hills covered with groves of bamboo, fir, paulonia, and beach, with long glens running into them, which are all terraced for rice and wet crops. At the foot of the hills, or in single long streets on either side of the main road, running beneath them, gather the villages, all on the same model, except that the ridge of the thatched roof, perhaps, will be differently fashioned in different localities. Some may be newer and cleaner than others, some large, and some very humble; but all contain the same kind of apartments, raised about two feet from the ground, with the clean mats which no boot or shoe ever profanes; the sliding-paper *shoji*, and the *amado*, or rain-shutters; the fire-box, the hanging picture on the wall, the pot of flowers or bunch of lilies in the bamboo-stand, and a "Butsumono," or shrine of Buddha. Somewhere amid, or near, the houses rises the village temple, being in architecture merely a rather superior sort of hut, but dignified, especially if Shinto, by a torii, a "bird-perch" built across the paved way, or steps leading to it. This is a gateway of stone posts and a twofold lintel, the latter with up-curved ends, after the Chinese fashion. If it be a Shinto fane, white paper—cut in connected squares, and intended to signify and to replace offerings of cloth—will dangle and flutter from the curved stone beams. Round about the shrine—which will have no image if it be *Miya*, i.e., Shinto, but will disclose a gilded Buddha or one of the Buddhisats, if it be a *tera*, a Buddhist holy place—is usually seen a dense and shadowy grove of trees—bamboos, cryptomerias, black and red pines—*sawara*, *hi*, and *maki*—with the *awogiri*, from which are manufactured the wooden patterns of the Japanese. The old idea was thereby to

supply timber to repair or rebuild the temples ; but as the trees grow older they become sacred and are girdled with a band of straw rope to denote this. Shinto, which is not Confucianism,



TEMPLE GROUNDS WITH BUDDHIST
SHRINE, UYENO PARK, TOKIO.

can hardly be called a religion, since it has no doctrines, no scriptures, no moral code ; originally it was a worship of the Powers of Nature, and of ancestors as gods. Ama-Terasu, Goddess of the Sun, bequeathed to the first and to all succeeding Mikados a mirror, a sword, and a jewel, which used to be guarded by a virgin daughter of the ruling emperor in the great shrine at Ise. Buddhism, entering Japan

six centuries after Christ, put Shinto aside, or greatly modified it, down to A.D. 1700. The Buddhist priests assimilated the Shinto gods ; and their religion became, as it is, indeed, now, that of the people at large during all this long period. Then Iyeyasu, the great Shogun, first printed the Confucian classics, and the principles of the arch Opportunist of China thus mingled with the already much mixed Ryōbu-Shinto to contribute the state of things, social and civil, which was subverted, at least politically, in 1868. Then everything was commanded to go back to “pure Shinto,” and to the ancient system of the Sun Goddess, but only the civil side of this revolution has ever really triumphed. Buddhism, in a diluted degree, is more than ever the religion of the nation ; but it is difficult to describe how lightly the Japanese take the spiritual side of life. They are an extremely undevotional people, without being on that account irreligious. They blend every *Ennichi* or *Matsuri*, that is to say, their “Saints’ days,” with a fair or festival ; and “divine service” consists with them of very little more than pulling the rope of the gong at the temple entrance, clapping the palms, repeating a whispered prayer with bowed head, and then throwing a copper coin on the matted floor or into the offering box. It is, however, very proper to wash the hands before doing all this, in a stone cistern near the gate, and serious people often purchase from the priests slips of paper inscribed with the name of a god, or with the formula *Nama Amida Butsu*, and hang these sacred treasures up at the doors of their houses to keep away robbers and fire ; or else put them before the family shrine along with the little brass lamp and the stick of senko.

The typical Shinto temple, with its emblems, is well described by Mr. Satow. All that is visible to the eye of the worshipper is a bundle of paper cuttings attached to an upright wand, or a mirror in the centre or back of an open chamber. But behind the grating in the rear is a sanctum, within which not even the chief

priest may intrude, except on rare occasions, where the emblem of the god is kept enshrined, box within box, and enveloped in innumerable wrappings of silk and brocade. Tradition alone informs people in each case what this emblem, or *mi-tama-shiro* (representation of the august spirit) is. Sometimes it will be a mirror, or a sword, a curious stone, or even a shoe, the mirror being characteristic of the female, the sword of male deities.

Along the southern shores orange and lemon trees will be seen upon the sunny uplands, and everywhere, indeed, this blending of subtropical with temperate, and frigid vegetation characterizes the changeful and charming face of Japan. Barley and rice, bamboo and pines, wild weeds of England with thickets of Corsica or California are found growing side by side. Dr. Rein has specially named this Japanese region "the kingdom of magnolias, camellias, and arabias," but it is a real paradise of botanists for variety. Japan counts, in forest trees alone, 165 species and 66 genera, against 85 species and 33 genera of the continent of Europe; and it is a curious fact that eastern America and Japan possess no less than 65 genera in common.

Well does Japan deserve these forest riches. She knows how to value the beautiful variety in the grain of her timbers, and to produce with them, in house-building, cabinet work and joinery, all manner of delightful effects. Nowhere will you see in this country the abomination of wood grained by the painter in imitation of something which it is not. It is rare even to observe paint anywhere placed upon wood at all; even the junks and sampans are uncolored and unpitched. A Japanese carpenter and shipwright takes care to have his wood well seasoned, and then leaves it naked and natural, to last as long as it may in its own fashion. The bright and glossy pine-planks, of which the houses in every town and village are constructed, soon change color, of course, under the sun and rain, into the subdued gray of weather-worn fir stuff; but the general hue is still sober and pleasing, with the con-

trast of the black and white tiles, the white *shoji*, the dark polished platforms, and spotless mats. In the interior of the house the Japanese citizen revels in the variety and tints of the timbers furnished by his forests. He will have a natural cherry-tree trunk in the middle of his principal apartment ; and pine-stems, merely stripped of their bark, at the corners of each room ; while the ceiling will perhaps be composed of broad planks, selected for their beauty, of cryptomeria. A curious taste, however, prevails for beams and boards of worm-eaten wood. Your Japanese builder or householder loves the strange pattern into which the *Teredo Navalis* or the Dakboring insect will drill a pile or a trunk. He saws and planes these just enough to show the fantastic filigree of those strange creatures, and then proudly puts them up as gate-posts or bressumers. He will cut a partly hollow tree into many planks, and glory in the quaint patterns which he obtains by laying these side by side together along the front of his abode. He knows how to get from cross-sections and slices of bark and root all kinds of new lines and colors ; and there are towns and villages in and about the hills, like Yumoto and Miyanoshita, where scores of shops sell nothing but slabs of carefully sawn timber, and where hundreds of ingenious articles are turned or fashioned from every tree and root and bark that can be found in the forest.

Special in their love and use of wood the Japanese are also as peculiar and as much apart from the West in their regard for, and their dealings with, flowers. But by “flowers” they mean less and more than we. They include all handsome and ornamental leaves, stems, branches, and even stumps and roots. The blossom is for them, though they love color, rather a detail than the central point ; and a great spray of pine, of cedar, or of maple ranks above most of mere blooms. There is an aristocracy of flowers with them, very severely defined. The seven princely or primary flowers are the *Kiku*, or chrysanthemum ; the narcissus, or *Suisen* ;

the maple, or *Momiji*; the cherry, or *Sakura*; the peony, or *Botan*; the wistaria, or *Fuji*, and the evergreen rhodea, or *Omoto*. The iris is also of princely dignity, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color.

Those who would understand to what a pitch Japanese fancy has raised the art of flower arrangement should study a most erudite article published in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" upon this fascinating subject. Without the aid of such guidance, your Japanese gardener would, indeed, make you understand in a very little time, by the daily floral adornments which he constructs, how little you, as an European or American, know upon the topic, and what scientific ideas ought to govern it. But we must go to Mr. Conder to get a just notion of true principles in floral decoration. Those who well understand them are declared to possess, by simple force of such superior knowledge, the subjoined ten virtues:

Koishikko. The privilege of associating with superiors.

Sējijō jōkō. Ease and dignity before men of rank.

Muitannen. A serene disposition and forgetfulness of care.

Dokuraku ni Katarazu. Amusement in solitude.

Sōmoku meichi. Familiarity with the nature of plants and trees.

Shujin aikiō. The respect of mankind.

Chobo furin. Constant gentleness of character.

Seikon gōjō. Healthiness of mind and body.

Shimbutsu haizō. A religious spirit.

Showaku ribtesu. Self-abnegation and restraint.

What Japanese love and strive for in arranging flowers is that which they value most in all their arts, namely, balance and beauty of line. The charm of their dancing—of which I shall hope to speak more at length later on—springs from the same "language of line," and he who does not know and feel the subtle secrets of this will vainly seek to derive from Japanese art of

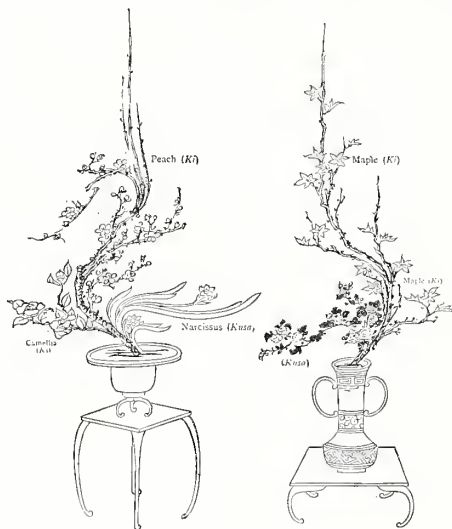
any kind the exquisite pleasure it can impart to the eye and mind. Your European florist—who masses together his roses, and gardenias, his maiden-hair ferns and calla-lilies, surrounding them with a dish of green, and an outer overcoat of lace paper—appears to the Japanese lover of flowers lower than a barbarian. He has lost—to the Japanese mind—the chief charms of flowers and leaves, which consist in their form of growth, their harmonious asymmetry, and their natural relations. Every school of flower arrangement in Japan would scorn his rural bow-pot or guinea bouquet, and teach him far nobler thoughts. Each school possesses its own secret traditions, called *Hiden*, only imparted to the very proficient. The most popular of modern floral schools is the *Enshin*, founded by Kobori Totomi no Kami, a servant of the great Shogun Tyemasu. This cult observes three chief rules: The first, called *Kioku*, is the art of giving feeling and expression to compositions; the second, called *Shitsu*, is the art of conveying the particular nature of the growth, and the third, called *Ji*, refers to the principle of keeping in mind the particular season, in the proper use of buds, open flowers, withered leaves, dew, etc.

What the floral artist in Japan most contemns and avoids is tame duplicated symmetry. Nature will have none of it, nor he, her scholar. If, as in her butterflies and double leaves, she must be equilibrated, she redeems it with gorgeous color or by a varied back or edge to the wing or leaf. But you may balance asymmetry, which the Japanese flower-lover effects by a scientific disposition of his stems and leave-masses. It is not possible to give here the elaborate nomenclature of his *shins* and *sôs*. He has names for all important parts in the display of his flower-vase: For a triple arrangement the terms of *Chichi* (Father), *Haha* (Mother), *Ten* (Heaven) are used. For the quintuple form, *Chiuwô* (Centre), *Kita* (North), *Minami* (South), *Higashi* (East), *Nishi* (West), also *Tsuchi* (Earth), *Hi* (Fire), *Mizu*

(Water), *Kane* (Metal), *Ki* (Wood), also *Ki-iro* (Yellow), *Aka* (Red), *Kuro* (Black), *Shiro* (White), *Ao* (Blue), are all employed. There must by no means occur "nagashi," or long streaming sprays, on both sides of the grouping. Certain defects in the cross-cutting of branches or stalks must be heedfully guarded against; "window-making," when these intersect so as to suggest loop-holes; "lattice-making," when they cross to give the idea of trellis-work. Parallelism is held detestable; it must be presented from no point of sight; and albeit the flower-structure is intended to be studied and enjoyed where it stands upon the *toku-no-ma*, or "place of honor," from a front view, still the composition must endure to be regarded with artistic satisfaction from right or left. The vessels or stands to receive the flowers obey, in their shape and material, certain well-fixed rules. Many are very splendid pieces of bronze, carved wood, or porcelain, but that is not imperative. The illustrious Yoshimasa, an ancient and accomplished patron of this refined art, preferred wicker-baskets, after Hakoji, a Chinese weaver, had offered him one. The lowly craftsman in forwarding his tribute made the humble request that so unworthy an object should be embellished by an ornamental stand when placed before the Regent. Yoshimasa, it is said, was so pleased with its simple elegance that he ordered it to be placed immediately upon the polished dais without any stand or tray. Hence the custom of dispensing with the stand or tray used under similar flower vessels. Hakoji returned to his mountain cottage and continued his occupation of basket-making with the assistance of his daughter Reshojō, who herself originated a basket of somewhat different shape. Hence the two kinds of flower *Kago*, the one called *Hokoji gata*, and the other *Reshojō gata*. Quite as popularly-favored a receptacle as any is the simple bamboo stick, cut into flower-holders; and not less than forty-two methods are solemnly named for notching and shaping the cane. They begin with the *Shishi guchi gata*, or

“Lion’s-mouth shape,” and, then, there is the “travelling-pillow,” the “singing-mouth,” the “shark’s jaw,” the “oar-blade,” the “lantern,” the “climbing monkey,” the “five storeys,” the “icicle,” the “bird-cage,” the “flute,” the “bridge,” the “stork’s neck,” the “bell,” the “top,” the “cap,” the “conch shell,” the *bento*, or “dinner-box,” and, lastly, the *taki-robori-ryō gata*, or “cascade-climbing-dragon’s form.” The astonishing fertility in invention of the Japanese carpenter moulds the natural bamboo-cane into all these shapes for flower and branch holders. It is customary to suspend behind them a tablet of wood, lacquered black, and inscribed with a poem in golden letters. Sometimes the bamboo is cut into fantastic forms of boats and rafts and junks. Flowers and branchlets are disposed in these for symbolic meanings and in strict accordance with natural propriety. Mr. Conder says: “In all compositions, single or combined, the special nature and character of the different materials employed are carefully kept in mind, and anything at all suggestive of the inappropriate most scrupulously avoided. An important distinction is made between trees and plants, and another distinction is made between land and water plants. The locality of production, whether mountain, moor, or river, considerably influences the arrangements in composition. Each flower has its proper season or month, and many flowers, which continue throughout several seasons, have special characteristics peculiar to the different seasons. Such different characteristics are carefully observed and followed in the artificial arrangements, subject, of course, to the general rules of art.” And again: “In combining several species in one composition it is laid down as an important law that the branches of a tree, technically called *Ki*, should never be ‘supported’ on both sides by a plant, technically called *Kusa*, nor should *Kusa* be ‘supported’ on both sides by *Ki*. In case of a treble arrangement two *Ki* may be combined with one *Kusa*, but the *Kusa* must not be in the centre of the composition. As an

example of defective arrangement may be taken a composition with an iris (*Kusa*) in the centre and branches of azaleas and camellia (*Ki*), on either side. A correct composition would be that of the pine (*Ki*), plum (*Ki*) and bamboo (*Kusa*), with the pine in the centre and the plum and bamboo on either side. The plum might equally well be placed in the centre, and the pine and bamboo on either side." Thoroughly to comprehend this



Proper Combination of Species.

intricate and dainty art one must either observe the daily practice of the Japanese flower-composer, who is a veritable poet of the *parterre*, or study the plates which enrich Mr. Conder's most admirable article. Here is one illustrating the last-mentioned rule and giving an idea of the *Shin-Gio-So* style.

For these consummate flower-artists there are sexes, as has been said, in

flowers and foliage, apart from botanical science. The front of leaves is male, the back female; buds and overblown blossoms are feminine, full blooms are masculine. These must be fitly wedded, having regard to the dignity of rank and color, for the colors have also respective rank and sex. The idea of respective rank is applied principally to colored flowers of the same species. In most cases the white flower of every species takes highest rank, but there are exceptions to this. Among chrysanthemums the yellow kind ranks first; of peach blossoms, the pale pink; of the *Yamabuki* (*Kerria Japonica*), yellow (although a white species exists); of the iris, purple; of the camellia,

red ; of the wistaria, pale purple in preference to white ; of the tree peony, red ; of the *Kikiyo* (*Platycodon Grandiflora*), light purple ; of the *Shakuyaku* (*Peonia Albiflora*), light red ; of the convolvulus, dark blue ; and of the cherry blossom, pale pink, take, respectively, first rank.

Among colors, red, purple, pink, and variegated colors are male ; and blue, yellow, and white are female. Colors which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers. Among leaf colors a rich deep green ranks first. Common flowers, *Zokwa*, must not be employed ; nor cereals, *Gokoku* ; nor poisonous plants, nor those with a very strong odor, and there is a long list of blossoms utterly prohibited for felicitous occasions—a kind of gardener's "Index Expurgatorius"—upon which figure many a favorite flower of the West, such as aster, dianthus, azalea, daphne, poppy, magnolia, orchids, gentian, rhododendron, ipomœa, smilax, thyma, and hydrangea. Herein, it must be confessed, our Japanese masters seem rather arbitrary ; but they adduce grave reasons for the ostracism of these and forty or fifty other denizens of the garden. In the *Konrei-no-hana*, or wedding decorations, red is regarded as male, and white as female. Hence, in the case of a *Muko* (a son-in-law adopted by marriage into the family of the bride), the bridegroom is virtually regarded as the guest of the occasion, and therefore the *Shin* or central line of the floral design must be of the male color—red ; while the *Soye*, or supporting line, is of the female color—white. On the other hand, when a *Yome*, or bride, is adopted into the family of her husband the female color—white, has the central position in the arrangement. In both cases the stems of the flowers used must be firmly connected at the base to signify union, and bound with colored ribbon, called *Mizuhiki*. Purple flowers are prohibited for weddings, as also willow branches and other drooping plants. Hanging vases (*Tsuru no mono*) are also to be avoided.

Each household in Japan has generally two shrines—one to the *Kami*, or household gods of the old Shinto cult, and the other to the *Hotoke*, or spirits of deceased relatives, which is Buddhist. For arrangements of flowers before the *Kami* a full and powerful composition is required. All ugly flowers, those of strong odor, or those having thorns, are prohibited. A special branch, called *Kao muke no eda*, or *facing branch*, must be used behind the *Shin* or central line; and before a Buddhist shrine a full and crowded composition must be employed and the *Tamuke no eda* introduced.

It is part of this delicate art to prescribe the way in which the lovely arrangements should be admired and praised. Seriously impolite would it be to look at the flowers with a fan in the hand, or to peer behind the branches of the composition; and you must express delight softly, as befits the gentle company of the blossoms, and with appropriate epithets. Be pleased to call white flowers, *Kiasha*, “elegant;” blue flowers, *miyoto*, “fine;” red are *utsukushii*; yellow, *Kekko*, *i.e.*, “charming” and “splendid;” and purple blossoms may justly be styled *Kusumu*, “modest.” It is a great compliment when a guest, who is known to be more or less an adept in the beautiful science, finds himself invited by the host to make an extemporaneous arrangement of flowers and sprays. The master of the house provides the vase, the water, the tray of cut blooms and branchlets, the scissors, knife, hempen cloth, and little saw; altogether called *Hana Ku-bari*. Should the host produce a very rare and valuable vessel for the flower arrangement, it is polite for the guest invited to make the floral arrangement to show diffidence, declining to use so precious an article on the plea of want of sufficient skill. If pressed, however, he must attempt a simple and unassuming composition. When the arrangement is completed the host and any other visitors present, who have meanwhile remained in the adjoining room, approach in turn the *Toko no ma*, salute and in-

spect in the manner previously described. The scissors are left near to the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request to correct faults. The designer turns to the host, apologizes for the imperfections, and begs that the whole may be removed; the host refuses, saying that the result is everything that could be desired. At such flower-gatherings it is particularly recommended that visitors should not attempt bold and ambitious designs. Below is a result such as a modest connoisseur on such an occasion would produce with pine, plum-sprays, and the bam-



Arrangement of Pine Branch (Matsu) and Plum Branch (Ume), in Vase of Natural Bamboo (Shō-chiku-bai).



Defective Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).



Altered and Correct Arrangement of Iris (Hana shōbu).

boo-holder. Finally, I borrow from Mr. Conder's invaluable pages the simplest example he gives of the right and wrong way of arranging an iris-root. If I have allowed this fascinating topic to lead me into a long digression, it is that the Anglo-Saxon world may modestly learn its utter and hopeless ignorance of the proper use and disposition of flowers for festal and æsthetic occasions. We crowd our blooms and sprays together until they are like the faces of people in the pit of a theatre; each lost in the press; a mass, a medley, a tumultuary throng. The Japanese treats each gracious beauty or splendor of the garden or of the pool as an individual to be honored, stud-

ied, and separately enjoyed. Each suggests, and shall provide for his eyes a special luxury of line, sufficing even with one branch, one color, one species, to glorify his apartment and make the heart glad with the wisdom and the grace of nature. An arrangement with one leaf is attributed to the famous artist and philosopher, Rikiu, who on a certain occasion having observed a fence covered with convolvuli, gathered one flower and one leaf, honorably grouping them in a vase. On being asked why he adopted so humble a design, he replied that as it was impossible to rival nature in its magic of design, our artificial arrangements should be as simple and modest as possible; even one leaf and one flower were sufficient, he said, to call for admiration.

The forests and gardens of Japan have beguiled me into this *discursus* about her flowers. But besides her green mountains, her rice-flats, and her foot-hills, she displays every variety of landscapes, many of them of marvellous beauty and picturesqueness, though not often grand and imposing. Among the scenes which will linger in the memory of every wanderer in southern Japan, must first, I think, be mentioned Nikko, with the great "hills of the Sun" scattered round about in a country full of lovely water-falls, running streams, and bright Asiatic moorlands. The dark groves of ilex and pine, shutting in there the splendid temples, brilliant with scarlet and gold and black lacquer; and the proud tombs of ancient Shoguns, might furnish an artist with subjects for many a noble canvas. The road thither from Utsunomiya, which few will now traverse, because a railway has been completed thence, has the most majestic avenue of giant trees to be seen perhaps in all the world. They are cryptomerias, and rise to an average height of one hundred feet, with immense trunks, and dense, glossy foliage, furnishing for leagues and leagues along the narrow, shaded road a stately gallery of rugged stems and towering crests, along which the traveller proceeds in a dim green light, as delicious as it is solemn, reminding



ON THE HILLSIDE
AT ENOSHIMA.

with the
statue of the
b u t s u — rising
bamboos, oak - trees,
bushes of the sea-bay
by Misaki point. The verdant hills here, full of caves and
cherry orchards and temples, and the fertile plains which were

him of a
vast cathedral
lighted only
by windows of
one cool, quiet,
sombre color.
Then very
charming indeed
is Kamakura,
great bronze
Buddha — Dai
colossal over the
and magnolia
which rolls in

once covered with cities and castles, and are now back again in the charge of Nature, offer a lovely combination of Japanese wood and wold, animated by the placid, picturesque country life of the people. There are, also, mountain-hollows and long hill-ranges near Nagoya, which, when I saw them, at the military manœuvres, covered with the lilac-blossoms and wild azaleas, seemed as fair and rich in colors as the world could show; and again between Kodzu and Gotemba, on the Kiyoto-Tokio line of railway, there lies a stretch of Tyrol-like highlands, with rushing streams and rocky precipices, the beauty of which must linger in the mind of the most travelled. Yet there are three scenes of all the many familiar in Japan which will always come first, I think, to my memory. One is Enoshima; the next my own delightful little garden at Azabu, in the heart of the green and busy capital of Tokio; and the third the peerless mountain Fuji San, with all that district from which rises her stately and sacred peak.

The island, or rather the peninsula, of beautiful Enoshima somewhat resembles Mount St. Michael, on the Cornish coast. It is the same abrupt and isolated crag, wooded and crowned with buildings, and separated from the mainland in the same manner by a causeway of sand, which is only at very high tides covered by the sea. But Enoshima, besides being intensely Japanese in character, vegetation, and surroundings, looks, on both sides, upon a lovely shore, a veritable *concha d'oro*, stretching eastward along the coast of Kamakura and Misaki, and westward round the splendid sweep of Izu. There, from the Iwamori tea-house is a charming though distant view of the Lady of Mountains—Fuji San—and many a delightful hour I have passed sitting on the mats of the Fuji San “Inn of the Grove of the Rock”—learning to talk Japanese, and to admire, as they deserve, the great peaks of Oyama and splendid shapely Fuji, the queen of all eminences. The sandy neck, by which you cross



A STREET SCENE, ENOSHIMA.

[“Strung across the street are little banners that different societies and clubs give to the inn-keepers on passing through the town. Every *matsuri* brings them out by the hundreds. The two men coming down the street are pilgrims belonging to some such society or club, tramping to certain places, visiting the temples, etc., and carrying a square piece of matting slung loosely from their shoulders. They are dressed in rough white garments that sometimes are quite spotted with the red seal imprints from different temples.”—ARTIST’S NOTE.]

from the rice-fields to the island, is always lively with groups of fishermen and market-people, with boats coming and going, and seine nets being drawn, amid merry choruses, to the smooth brown flats. Entering the rocky islet under a stone torii, you walk up a steep, picturesque street—one of the oddest in the



FUJI SAN. FROM GOTEMBA.

world—lined on each side with shops where fresh fish is cooked, and others where they sell all sorts of articles made of coral, sea-shells, and various products of the ocean. Here you may buy, very cheaply, the lovely and wonderful *hyalo-nema*, the rarest of sponges, with huge crabs, measuring twelve feet between the nippers; and you may dine, on the white mats, from such a collection of fish as would stock a museum. The *awabi*, better

known as the *haliotis*, or "Venus-Ear" shell, is specially taken here in great quantities. A strip of the membrane of this is put into the folded, colored paper — *noshi* — which accompanies all Japanese gifts, the mollusk in question being a symbol of long life and prosperity, and also representing the fish which used to accompany every formal present. When you have dined, you will wander by many slopes and steps, to the temple of the goddess Benten — for at the back of the island is a cave, formerly inhabited by dragons, who devoured the little children of the neighboring coast. But, if legends are true, there appeared in a storm one night, two thousand years ago, a beautiful lady of divine form, who brought the island along with her, and, setting it up in its place, drove away the dragons and established her own worship on the fair rock, as Goddess of Beauty and of Mercy. If you should hesitate to believe the tradition, close at hand, in the cemetery of Koshigoye village, stands the tomb of the rich man who lost all his sixteen children by the dragons. No less than three times Benten has been seen, riding on the dreadful creatures which she subdued for the sake of her Japanese people. On one occasion she was heard to say, "All the world is mine, and shall belong to beauty and love! All its beings are my offspring! Now it is an evil place, but I will make all dwell securely and happily in it." It is related that one of the ancestors of the Hōjō family, Tokimasa, came to Enoshima to pray for his posterity. After three weeks of prayer the goddess Benten appeared to him, and told him that his merits were remembered by her. Promising a blessing, she vanished into the sea, riding upon a dragon. Tokimasa found on the ground three scales of the dragon-goddess, and, picking them up, arranged them in the form of a crest, which trefoil of dragon-scales became the badge of the Hōjō family. Benten is usually pictured with a dragon near her. Her aspect is always mild and motherly. She wears a tiara containing a torii. The spot where

the dragons dwelt is at the back of Enoshima. Descending steep steps you reach the lower shore, and walk forward and round by the left to a cave. In the cave, which may be entered without danger at low water, is a shrine with the usual images, lights, white paper, etc. The true and original shrine of Benten was



BENTEN CAVE, ENOSHIMA.

formerly kept here, and on a certain day in the year priests and worshippers, in a great procession, resort to the cave to remove the deity, air it, and return it with ceremonies. The long passage in the rock is said to have been made in digging for gold. According to tradition the cave was anciently the dwelling-place of two white dragons. What were these fabled dragons? Not large snakes, for the land never produced them; nor sharks, for they do not haunt these waters. At any rate, well is the gra-

cious and kindly Benten throned and adored on shining Enoshima. If you had seen no more of Japan and her gentle people than that one islet, you must like the land and think always of it with attachment and gratitude.

If I name my garden at Azabu among the scenes ever to be remembered in Japan, it is because it was typical of a city residence there, as well as being really a pretty spot, and full of "things Japanese." On pages 3 and 40 are pictures of the native house which stood in the garden, and which we occupied for many happy months. Provided with an outer as well as an inner range of sliding *shoji*, we could make it warm in the winter as well as cool in the summer, although the outer glass (*amado*) would certainly rattle a great deal in a stormy wind or an earthquake, this latter phenomenon occurring pretty frequently. A Japanese house is really healthy as well as comfortable. Being built not in the soil, as with us, but above it, and freely ventilated by the airiness inseparable from its construction, and being entered only with bare or stockinged feet, it is always sweet and clean. The *tatami*, the mats, of such an abode remain so free from dust or dirt that the delicate silks or muslins of their kimono are laid upon the floor by Japanese ladies without the least fear of soiling them. Cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and, with proper arrangements, eminently salubrious, the Japanese domicile seems to me entirely admirable, and in almost all its good qualities rich and poor share alike. The palace of the emperor and the hut of the Kurumaman are practically on the same plan; and even in the smallest tenements I have seen apartments so clean, so neat, so bright, and so charming that they might have been boudoirs for the empress instead of the back-room of a mat-maker's or a carpenter's abode.

Japanese servants are excellent, if you choose them with discretion, and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make



THE PLANK-WAY TO BENTEN CAVE—ENOSHIMA, JAPAN.

life pleasant by politeness. Everybody is more or less well-bred, and hates the man or woman who is *yakamashu*—noisy, uncivil, or exigent. People who lose their temper, are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear, and “swagger,” find themselves out of place in a land where the lowest coolie learns and practices an ancient courtesy, from the time when he wobbles about as a baby upon his mother’s back.

Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps indeed elsewhere, you must treat everybody, including your domestics, well; and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service. Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jimrickishaman will now and then take too much *saké*, the musmees and the boy’s wife will gossip all over the place about everything you do; and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the yard when your back is turned; but if conscious of your own, you can forgive the little sins of others. You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present, now and then, of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweetmeats to the children; a day’s holiday now and then granted to the theatre or the wrestling match, are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving, and of good speed on going, as repay you tenfold. Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation, and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress, admiring dresses, pictures or Western novelties, and listening sometimes to the *sanisen* and *koto*, as children of the household.

Tokio is a vast city with a million and a quarter inhabitants, the greater part of it built on a plain, but full of hills and hollows covered with pine and bamboo. You may therefore live in the city and yet have green gardens and verdant scenery all around

you, which was our happy case at Azabu. The house was planted upon a little hill, looking over crowded bazaars of wooden huts



JAPANESE WRESTLING MATCH.

to many other like leafy hills ;
and in the absence of smoke, due to
the cleanly charcoal *hibachi*, trees and flowers flourished, birds
built their nests, and Nature might be studied almost as well there
as in the woods and mountains. In the morning a colony of great



black crows, and screaming kites, woke us from our slumber. All day long the painted thrushes, the starlings, tits, chaffinches, and wagtails, the latter a most important bird in Japanese mythology, together with the ubiquitous sparrows, played on the lawn or in the bamboos; at evening the storks and bitterns flew in long clamorous lines from the seashore to the hills. The art of the Japanese gardener had turned our little plot of a couple of acres into the appearance of a large and various pleasaunce, with miniature hills—from which you could see the towering snows of Fuji San—fish-ponds, rock-works, trellised arbors, and clumps of flowers and bushes, which gave us an unbroken succession of floral wealth.

Scattered about the grounds were stone lamps called *Ishi dōrō*, and grotesque demons, amidst quaint water-cisterns in stone with Chinese inscriptions. Around these first came into bloom, defying snow and frost, the beautiful red and white and striped camellias. When those had fallen the white and pink and rose-red plum flowers filled the eye with beauty. Afterward the azaleas blazed, like burning bushes, all round the lotus pond; and these were followed by a delicious outburst of pale, rose-tinted cherry-blossoms, making an avenue of beauty and glory all the way from the Shinto temple at our gate to the front door, where were suspended the little, indispensable, but useless fire-engine, and the bronze gong on which visitors beat with a little wooden hammer to announce their arrival. The wistaria and a second crop of camellias, and then some red and yellow roses took up the running, until the maple bushes came out resplendent with blood-red leaves; after which there were purple irises and callas flowering by the fish-pond, with orange and red lilies brighter than the gold-fish swimming in it, and the lawn became covered with a pretty little flower called the *Neji-bana*, the pink buds of which, growing diagonally and reaching round to get the sunlight, twisted the stem into the shape of a corkscrew. Thus along with the

sprays of the firs and loquats and ornamental shrubs, our gardener—whom we christened the “Ace of Spades,” out of “Alice through the Looking-glass,” and who wore a blue coat with white dragons upon it—was never destitute of delightful material wherewith to exercise the high art, previously described, of decorating our rooms after the great æsthetic *Enshin* fashion.



II.

JAPANESE PEOPLE



[THE AMEYA.—“Very interesting things they do certainly perform, and in a most simple manner, using the candy like a glass-blower his lump of molten glass, and producing results, if hardly as beautiful or durable, certainly as artistic and finished as regards workmanship.”—ARTIST’S NOTE.]



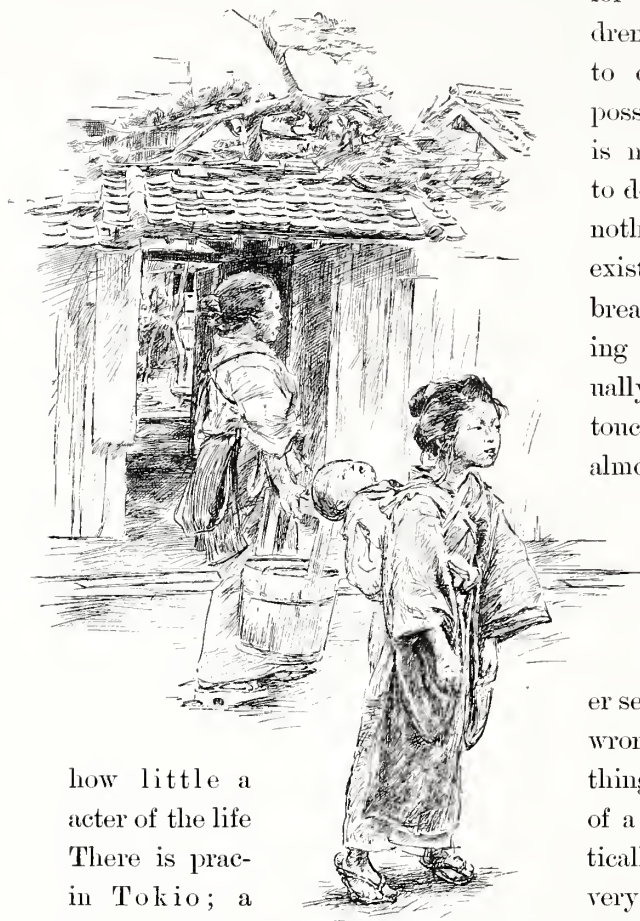
“*Sukoshi O aruki irrashai!*” “Condescend to take a little honorable walk” in Tokio. We will pass together—unknown but respected reader—from the house at Azabu, down its avenue of cherry-trees, leading to the Shinto temple opposite our gate. The sliding glass-doors of the porch are swiftly thrust back by Mano, the “boy,” and O Tori San, plumpest and best-tempered of waiting-maids, both prostrating themselves on hands and knees to utter the *Sayonara* as we depart. The temple at the gate has pretty timbered grounds filled with children at play and women gossiping in the sun, their babies tied on their backs in a fold of the *Haori*. That is where all babies live in Japan. If the mothers are busy in-doors, the infant is strapped on the back of an older sister or brother; sometimes, indeed, very slightly older. We shall see hundreds of children not more than five or six years of age carrying, fast asleep, on their small shoulders the baby of the household; its tiny, smooth, brown head swinging hither and thither with every movement of its small nurse; who walks, runs, sits, and jumps; flies kites, plays hop-sotch, and fishes for frogs in the gutter, totally oblivious of that infantile charge, whether sleeping or waking. If no young brother or sister be available, the husband, the uncle, the father, or grandfather hitch on their backs the baby, who is, happily, from his

birth, preternaturally good and contented. The doctrine of original sin really seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior

of Japanese children; they never seem to do any mischief; possibly because there is not much mischief to do. In the houses nothing of any value exists for them to break, there is nothing they will perpetually be told "not to touch." The streets, almost entirely, belong

to them; and yet, although they may do almost anything there, they never

seem to do anything wrong. Observe upon thing the whole character of a city may depend. tically no horse traffic very few pony drags and tram-cars run in oughfares as the Ginza bashi, while now and



how little a
acter of the life
There is prac-
in Tokio; a
are to be seen,
such main thor-
and the Nihom

"ITS TINY HEAD SWINGING
HITHER AND THITHER."

then you will meet a Japanese officer riding on horseback, with a betto running at his saddle-flap, to or from the barracks. But these are exceptions; and, consequently, the *Kuruma*-men can trot in safety round every corner, and the children



"THAT IS WHERE ALL BABIES LIVE IN JAPAN."

disport themselves in the middle of every street without causing the slightest maternal anxiety. They are as charming to see, these small Japanese, in their dignified wide sleeves and flowing *Kimono*, as they are gentle and demure in manners; with beautiful feet and hands, and bead-like black eyes, which stare at you without fear or shyness. Everybody is friendly to them; every fifth shop is full of toys and dolls, and sweet-stuff of strange device, ingredients, and color, for their delectation. Their innocent ways and merry chatter render every quarter pleasant. It must be confessed, with regard to their flat little noses, that a want of pocket-handkerchiefs is distinctly observable, and that too many suffer from eczema and other of the simple skin diseases. But the fact is, Japanese mothers look upon this cutaneous eruption as rather a healthy sign for the future, and never attempt to cure it. It stops when shaving ceases, for children are shaved on the seventh day after birth, only a tuft being left on the nape of the neck. When the child goes to school they suffer its hair to grow. The infants are not weaned till they are two or three years old; and you will often see the small Japanese citizens leave their kites or jack-stones and run across the road to the maternal bosom. The consequences are—few children in the family; and the swift ageing of the mother. The children have their special festivals. The third of March is the yearly holiday for all the little girls, when everybody buys for them *O hina Sama*, miniature models of everything domestic, including the entire furniture of the Japanese court; and the little maidens are dressed in the best that the household can afford, fluttering proudly about the town like butterflies or humming-birds. But, as compared with boys, girls are here at a sad discount. The great day of the boys, which falls on the fifth of May, is far more important. Then, from the door of every abode which has had boys born during the past seven years, rises a tall bamboo pole, at the top of which float, distended by the wind, gigantic paper

fish of all colors, but principally dark purple and gold—one for every son. These represent the *Koë*, a kind of carp, which is chosen for a symbol because that particular fish swims very stoutly against streams, and even up rapids and cascades, to the higher waters. In like manner it is implied the boys must be diligent and indomitable, stemming with gallantry the stream of life. A less pleasant explanation was given me by a Japanese father. He said it was the custom formerly, at certain feasts, to crimp the live *Koë*, and to place it, to be eaten raw, before the guests, the fish never moving under this cruel treatment, and only giving one last jump when the hot *wasabi* was squeezed upon his eyes. In like manner, the Japanese boy, my informant said, was expected to endure all things patiently, and to prefer the most bitter death to loss of self-respect.

We turn the corner and traverse a bye-street full of humble shops, the principal one being undoubtedly that where *saké* is sold. Good *saké* is excellent to drink, and imbibed hot, in the delicate, pretty porcelain cup that belongs to it, goes admirably well with

Japanese cookery. This establishment is marked by the usual sign, a branch of cryptomeria fir, but may be instantly known by the wooden tubs of the liquor, painted gorgeously with characters and pictures, the superior qualities bearing the *hanazakari*, or “flower in full bloom.” Then there



“WHERE SAKÉ IS SOLD.”

is the “red carp”—the Chinese character *dai*, or the *Muso-ichi*, which means “second to none,” and a great peony, which brand marks the *San tokushu*, or *Saké* of the three virtues. Next we see the joiner’s shop, where they sell those boxes and bureaus,

and *hibachi*, which are made so cunningly and so cheaply; also the shop for wooden clogs and rope sandals; another for lamps; another for teapots and crockery; another for rice and meal,

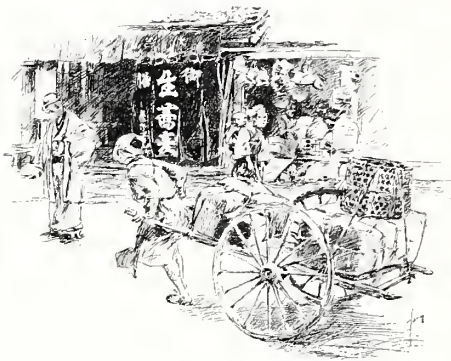


"TEAPOTS AND CROCKERY."

where the proprietor, stark naked, behind a decorous screen of string, pestles the paddy with a prodigious hammer, himself bathed in sweat. Flower-shops,

tin-shops, bean-cake, and Buddha-shrine shops succeed, with, near at hand, the fish store of the neighborhood—not too sweetly savored in the hot weather—where you see gigantic cockles and enormous blue and yellow shrimps, with octupuses fresh and dried, slabs of tunny, looking like dried wood; split and smoked salmon, sea-slugs, (*iriko*) calamaries, and sea-weed, along with all sorts of fresh live fish, from the ever-spread nets in the Japanese gulfs and rivers. With these are to be noticed little fish, like

sardines, threaded on bamboo splinters, enormous *awabi*, and prodigious wheelks, as well as tubs full of oysters taken from the shell. Fish, next to rice, is the staple article of Japanese diet; and, there is here indeed, an effect of Buddhism, which was always more indulgent to the fish-eater than to the flesh-eater. Very little meat at all is eaten by the Japanese, and there is a



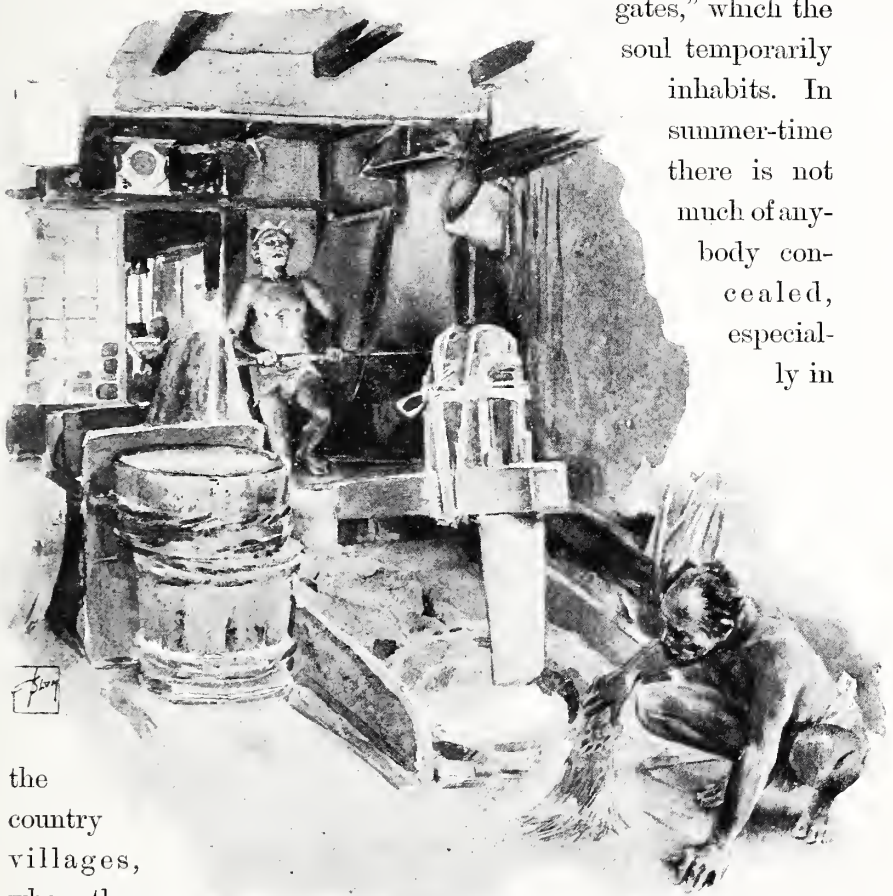
A SHOP FOR LAMPS.

silent, but strong public prejudice against it. You may see over an eating-house the announcement of venison for sale under the name of "Mountain Whale" (*Yama Kujira*). It is felt to be more respectable to eat it under that appellation.

Next comes the bath-house. If you do not recognize the *furo-do* by the Chinese or *hira-gana* characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you shall know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water" with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper. When these latter get home *O Kami San*, the *coiffeuse*, will come and dress their moist black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the *maye* for married women where the hair is drawn over a pad, in a solid shining, single boss; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, *musumēs*, girls, and *geishas*, not to be achieved without much appliance of camellia-oil, gold and silver strings, and *Kanzashi*—the carved and tinselled hair-pins. Inside the bath-house are to be seen tubs, tanks, and

a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are not in the least ashamed of the body,

the "city of nine gates," which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer-time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in



the country villages, where the police are not particular, as some-

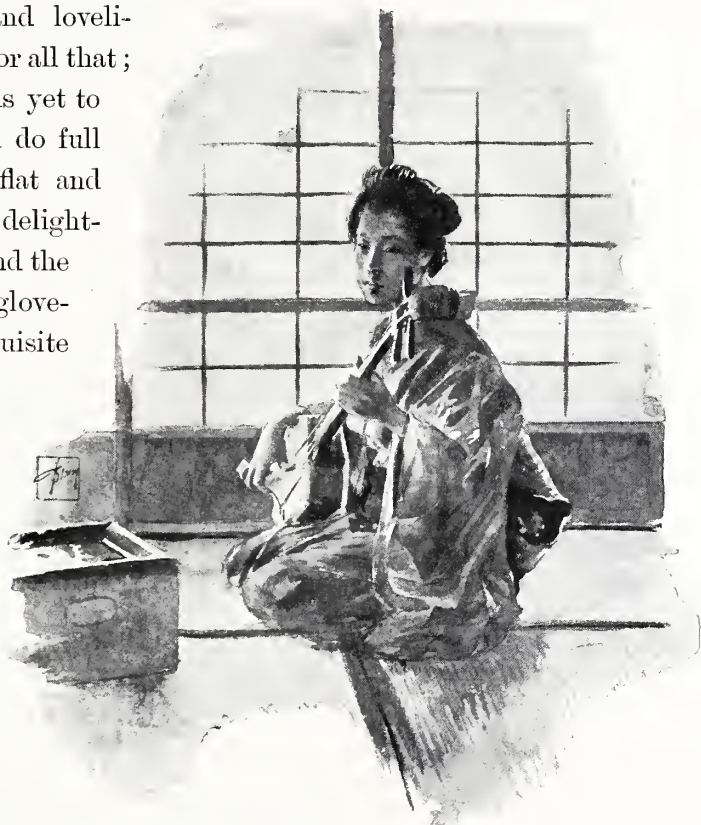
"WHERE THE PROPRIETOR, STARK NAKED, PESTLES THE PADDY."

times they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it. He would be considered a very ill-bred person who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity at what the bath-house, or the toilet

in the shop-front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly loses by this candor of Japanese manners as regards nudity ; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum. Meanwhile, mark well how the people frequent the *furo-do* : they are the greatest lovers of "the tub" in the world, and indubitably the cleanliest of all known people. A Japanese crowd has no odor whatever, and your *jūrikisha*-man perspires profusely without the smallest offence to the nicest sense of his fare close behind. True, they wear no underlinen, and put on the same *kimono*, *fundoshi* and *juban* after the bath ; but these articles of clothing are also constantly being washed. Note, too, how well-kept are all their hands and feet ; how perfectly well formed they are, and how natural. The wooden *geta* and *waraji* of rope make, indeed, the sides and palms of their feet callous, and the string of velvet or grass which holds those on forces the great toe to grow apart from the others. But almost every foot, male and female, is comely to see ; not like the sadly distorted extremities so often witnessed in Western men and women, the result of tight and pointed boots and shoes. Especially are the hands of Japanese women almost always good, and sometimes, absolutely charming. Theophile Gautier would have rejoiced to study these soft, symmetrical, brown little palms, and neat, close, roseate finger-tips, and delicate, supple wrists ; he who wrote : "*Ce que j'adore le plus, entre toutes les choses du monde, c'est une belle main ! Comme elle est d'une blancheur vivace ! Quelle mollesse de peau ! Comme le bout des doigts est admirablement effilé ! Quel poli, et quel éclat ! On dirait des feuilles intérieures d'une rose ! Et puis, quelle grâce, quel art dans les moindres mouvements ! Comme le petit doigt se replie gracieusement, et se tient un peu écarté de ses grandes sœurs ! Je ferme mes yeux pour ne plus la voir, mais du bout de ses doigts délicats, elle me prend les cils, et m'ouvre les paupières, et fait pas-*

ser devant moi mille visions d'ivoire et de neige." * You would not understand one word of this exquisite French, *O Tatsu San !* or *O Hana San !* and your small hands are certainly not "vividly white," nor could they exactly recall "snow and ivory;" but fair and shapely, and full of tender lines and loveliness they are, for all that; and the artist is yet to come who shall do full justice to the flat and archless, but delightful little foot, and the brown and gloveless, but exquisite little hand, of the average Japanese woman of the middle class as she emerges, dewy and blooming, from the bath-house.

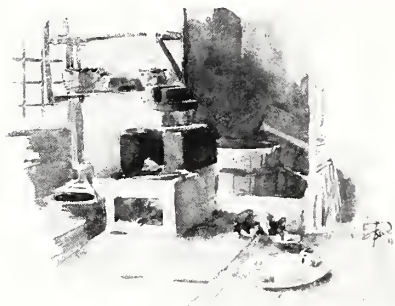
There are eight or nine hundred public baths in the city of Tokio, where three hundred thousand persons bathe daily at a charge of one *sen* three *rin* (about a cent) per head, and three *rin* (less than a farthing) for children. The poorest may therefore bathe, and always do; so that, lately, in the time of dear rice, when money was given to our poor, a tenth part was allotted



"O TATSU SAN."

* From "Mlle. de Maupin."

to bathing-tickets. Besides the public bathing establishments every good house also possesses its own *furo-do*: and the first question of your servant on awakening you is, "*O yuni irra-*



"EVERY GOOD HOUSE POSSESSES ITS OWN
FURO-DO."

shaimas ka?" "Do you condescend into the honorable hot water?" Truly Japan does take her daily bath very hot! The people think nothing of 110° Fahr., though, it must be understood, they do not stay very long in this heated water. Most of all, they enjoy and largely patronize the innumerable hot

springs welling up all over this volcanic land. Everywhere these are caught with pipes and pressed into service for pleasure or hygienic use; and as, for instance, those at Kosatsu, are so highly esteemed for all fleshly ills that the proverb runs: "Here everything can be cured except love!" Walking from Hakone to Miyanoshita on the mountains surrounding Fuji San, it was amusing to observe, at the place called *Ashi-no-yu*, where sulphur springs are caught and let into many bath-houses, how all of us together—coolies, pedestrians, chair-carriers, etc.—hastened to jump into the strong-smelling, but soft and refreshing, waters, and emerged with the look and feeling of men who had feasted satisfactorily, albeit with the odor of a box of bad lucifer matches.

Nearly opposite the bath-house, behind the flower-shop full of lotuses and lilies, and between a tea-garden and a bamboo grove, you see the graveyard of our quarter. It is crowded with four-sided, upright headstones, some bearing the figure of *Jizo Sama*, with a glory round his head and a bell in his left hand. He is the genius of travellers, including those who make the



THE FLOWER-PEDLERS.

great journey. The graves are near together, because, for the most part, only the ashes of deceased persons have been here interred, and these naturally pack close. The inscriptions on the stones will not give the dead man's or woman's name, but only the *Kaimiô*, or posthumous title conferred by the priests after demise. These are very often highly fanciful and poetical. But it would be strange to Western ideas to come to look on the tomb of one beloved, and to find engraved, instead of the old, familiar appellation, that of "here lies," "the purple-cloud-and-heavenly-music-believing woman." A little cup is hollowed at the foot of the stone to hold water, if the spirit should wish to drink, and on each side stands a bamboo-joint with sprigs of the *Shikimi*, the evergreen anise (*illicium religiosum*). Round a new grave thin laths of wood, called *Lotoba*, are placed, bearing Chinese and Sanskrit legends; one being planted every seventh day, until there are eight standing round. The sacred verses on them, coupled with the name of the dead, are thought to help him into heaven. Those who can afford it put also a memorial tablet in their temple, and another on the *Butsu-dan*, the family altar-shelf at home. When buried, and not burnt, the body is placed cross-legged in a coffin, with sandals on its feet, and a stick in the right hand, while in the left are laid six *rin*, wherewith to pay toll at the six cross-roads which you reach before coming to the other world. The distance thither is 3,600,000,000 *ri*; nevertheless, the spirit comes back every year on the night of July 15th, which is the Japanese *jour des morts*. On that night fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost their friends, and lanterns are suspended in the *shoji* to guide them home at this date. It is a pretty fancy that a butterfly entering the house is a soul come back upon a brief visit.

Sometimes, but most generally in the rural districts, you will see the *Nagare Kanjo* in or near a graveyard—the "Debt of the Running Water." An oblong cloth is attached by its four cor-

ners to four rods stuck in the ground, so as to hold it near a little rivulet that runs from a bubbling spring on the hill-side. By the spring there will lie a small dipper. Stay a little, however hurried, and pour one or two ladlefuls full of water into that suspended cloth "of your charity;" for the *Nagare Kanjo* marks a gentle Japanese mother's soul in purgatory. Behind it rises a lath, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Upon the four corners in the upright bamboo may be set bouquets of flowers. The tall lath tablet is the same as that placed behind graves. On the cloth is written a name and a prayer. Waiting long enough, perchance but a few minutes, there will be seen a passer-by, who pauses, and offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on. He has read the story of sorrow at the brink of joy, of the mother dying that her babe may live. He is touched, as you must be, by the appeal of the *Nagare Kanjo*, made in the name of mother-love and mother-woe; for the inscription implores every passer-by, for the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain. "The Japanese" (Buddhists), says the author of "The Mikado's Empire," "believe that all calamity is the result of sin, either in this or a previous state of existence. The mother who dies in childbed suffers, by such a death, for some awful transgression, it may be, in a cycle of existence long since passed, for she must leave her new-born infant and sink into the darkness of Hades. There must she suffer and groan until the flowing invocation ceases, by the wearing out of the symbolic cloth. When this is so utterly worn that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once, the freed spirit of the mother rises to a higher cycle of existence. Devout men as they pass by reverently pour a ladleful of water. Women, especially those who have felt mother-pains, repeat the expiatory act with deeper feeling."

The cotton cloth, inscribed with the prayer and the name of the deceased, to be efficacious, can be purchased only at temples. I have been told that rich people are able to secure one that, when stretched but a few days, will rupture. The poor man can only get the stoutest and most closely woven fabric. The limit of purgatorial penance is thus fixed by warp and woof, and warp and woof are gauged by money. The rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the middle. But the poor mother secures a richer tribute of sympathy from humble people.

From many a house as we pass, especially at evening, is heard the tinkling *samisen*, or the thrum of the stronger-voiced *koto*. Every house seems to contain a *samisen*, the three-stringed guitar of Japan, having a long, black neck, unprovided with frets, and a square sounding body covered by stretched cat-skin. Every Japanese woman appears to know how to play it, with more or less skill, and, indeed, to do this is part of every girl's education; and the most important part, indeed, of those who are to be *geishas* and such like. It must be a difficult instrument to learn, as there is no printed notation for the music, but all is taught by tradition and constant practice, until extraordinary skill is arrived at; but there is no harmony in this sort of Japanese music, and to the unaccustomed ear not much melody. Certain little chansonettes upon the *samisen*, with their light-wandering accompaniments, live a little in the memory; such an old-fashioned verse as this, for instance, sung by a glossy-haired *musumë* on a winter day over the fire-box:

“ *Haori Kakush 'te*
Sodè hiki-tomètè
Dó demo Kiyô wa
Ii tsutsu tattè
Renji mado
Shoji wo hoso-mè ni hikè-akètè
Are miya san sè
Kono yuki ni! ”

Which may be lightly interpreted :

She hid his coat,
 She plucked his sleeve,
 "To-day you cannot go !
 To-day, at least, you will not leave,
 The heart that loves you so !"
 The *mado* she undid
 And back the *shoji* slid :
 And, clinging, cried, "Dear Lord, perceive
 The whole white world is snow !"

Nor is it otherwise than very gentle and pleasant, particularly cold nights, to sit round the *hibachi* in a Japanese household, with the little brass or silver pipes all alight, and the cups of tea or *saké* kept filled ; listen to song after song in the strange, dreamy, suggestive intermixture of the *samisen's* sharp string, with the voices of the women, sometimes high-pitched, sometimes sinking to a musical sigh divided into endless notes. Casting off your shoes at the spotless threshold of the little house, you enter to sit on the soft, white *tatamis*, amid a gentle shower of musical salutations, "*Ohayo*" and "*Yô o ide nasaimashita*," and drinking the fragrant tea, and lighting the tiny *kiseru*, listen to the songs of the "Dragon King's Daughter," and dream you are Uroshima, who discovered the Fortunate Islands, and stayed there happily for a thousand years. On the wall will hang some picture of the life or teachings of the Buddha, whose compassionate peace has passed into the spirit of the land. The clean and shapely brown feet of laughing musumës patter on the floor in willing service, like the coming and going of birds. We fry *mochi* upon the brazier, and sip, in bright sobriety, the pale yellow tea. A spray of scarlet winter-berries, and the last of the yellow chrysanthemums, suspended in a bamboo joint, give points of lively color to the apartment, which is so commodious because it has no doors, and so neat and spotless because we do

not make streets of our houses. When the *samisen* is not tinkling, the sound of light laughter makes sufficient music, for we are *Kokoro yasui*, "heart easy," and life is never very serious in Japan. Listen a little to the gay, fragmentary love song *O Tatsu San* is murmuring to the strings, which she strikes with the ivory *bachi* :

"Shote wa jôdan
Nakagora giri de
Ima ja tagai no
Jitsu to jitsu."



"CASTING OFF YOUR SHOES."

Doubtless something real in her own little existence renders her brown eyes so soft and expressive as she thus sings :

"First 'twas all a jest,
Then 'twas daily duty ;
Now 'tis at its best
True faith, tender beauty—
Both quite love possessed."

"*Matta utatte kudasai !*" "One more little song, *O Tatsu San*, and replenish the honorable tea !" We could not imagine Japan without the *samisen* ; yet, personally, I like better the lively little *gekkin* from China, with three pairs of sister-wires, something like the mandolin of southern Italy. The *koto* is a horizontal harp with thirteen strings, and capable of very powerful and beautiful effects. The *biwa* is a lute with four chords.

At the *kuruma*-stand, where eight or ten of the little vehicles stand in a row, and the brown-legged, blue-clad human steeds

are smoking tiny brass *kiseru* and chatting like jackdaws, a clamorous chorus of invitation arises : “ *Danna ! ’rikisha ? Danna ! irrashaimas no des’ka ? O ide nasai ?* ” “ Will you ride, Master ? Will you make the honorable entrance, Master ? ” One cannot now so much conceive Japan existing without her *jinrikisha* ; and yet the invention now to be seen on every road and in every village of the country is not quite a quarter of a century old. No one positively knows who introduced it ; but it struck such root that, in Tokio alone, there are at present between thirty and forty thousand of these two-wheeled chairs ; and they have spread to China and Malay, employing numbers of the working population, and adding an immense convenience to public life. *Jin-riki-sha* signifies “ man-power vehicle,” and if you have two men to pull you the phrase for that is *ni-nim-biki*, the letters being a little altered by what Japanese grammar calls “ *Nigori*.” The Tokio citizens call their little cab *kuruma*, which means “ a wheel,” and the coolie who pulls it is termed *kurumaya*. To fit him out with dark blue cotton coat and drawers, vest of cotton, reed hat, covered with white calico, and painted paper lantern, as well as blue cloven socks for fine weather and string sandals for the mud, costs about three American dollars. But he must, moreover, bring to the business lungs of leather and sinews of steel ; nor does one ever cease to wonder at the daily endurance of these men. In hot and cold weather alike, streaming with perspiration or pelted with snow and sleet, they trundle you along apparently incapable of fatigue ; always cheerful, always, in my experience, honest, and easily satisfied ; sufficiently rewarded for running a league with a sum equivalent to three of your dimes. The natives, who make bargains with them before starting, go immense distances for incredibly small fares, and constantly ride two together in the same conveyance. I have seen a *kurumaya* cheerfully wheeling along a father and mother, with three children, to say nothing of the flower-pots, bird-cages,

and bunches of *daikon*—the great and dreadful radish of the country—carried in the family laps. When not engaged in running, they wrap round their shoulders the scarlet, blue, green, or striped blanket—*ketto*—destined for the knees of a customer, and look then rather like Red Indians. They are said to be a prodigal tribe, quickly spending in *saké* and small pleasures the money which they earn; but they need some solace for the prodigiously exhaustive work they perform, and, so far as I have seen, no more temperate class can exist. At the end of a long run, a cup of pale tea, a whiff at the little brass pipe, and, perhaps, a slice of bread dipped in treacle, start them off again, fresh and lively, for another stiff stretch. The men who took us to Nikko from Utsunomiya ran the entire twenty-five miles in four hours with ease, though much of it was up-hill, and would have returned, had we desired it, on the same day. A *jinrikisha*-man in good case and fairly paid is not at all afraid of forty or fifty miles day after day; nor is it true that their work makes them specially short-lived, so far as my inquiries have gone. I am persuaded that very advantageous use could be made of this kind of transport in a campaign. A *kuruma* can go wherever there is a path, and to draw munitions, provisions, stores, or to convey the sick and wounded, a corps of *jinrikisha* men would be invaluable to an army. I noticed at the Nagoya manœuvres that such employment was actually made of them, and very profitably.

We will not take *kuruma* to-day, but will walk, instead, down the *Kuboi-chô* to Shimbashi, where the rice-boats and manure-flats lie at the bridge, and to the long and fashionable Ginza. “*Sore Kara O mi ashi de ikimas !*” “You proceed, then, by the honorable legs!” says the *kurumaya*, smiling, and bows as courteously as if you had engaged him. How picturesque and special to Japan is the vista of this Tokio street, with the low, open houses on each side, all of the same sober, weather-tanned hue, of the same build,

the same materials, the same frankly opened interior, the same little front shop, except where a fire-proof "go-down," more solidly

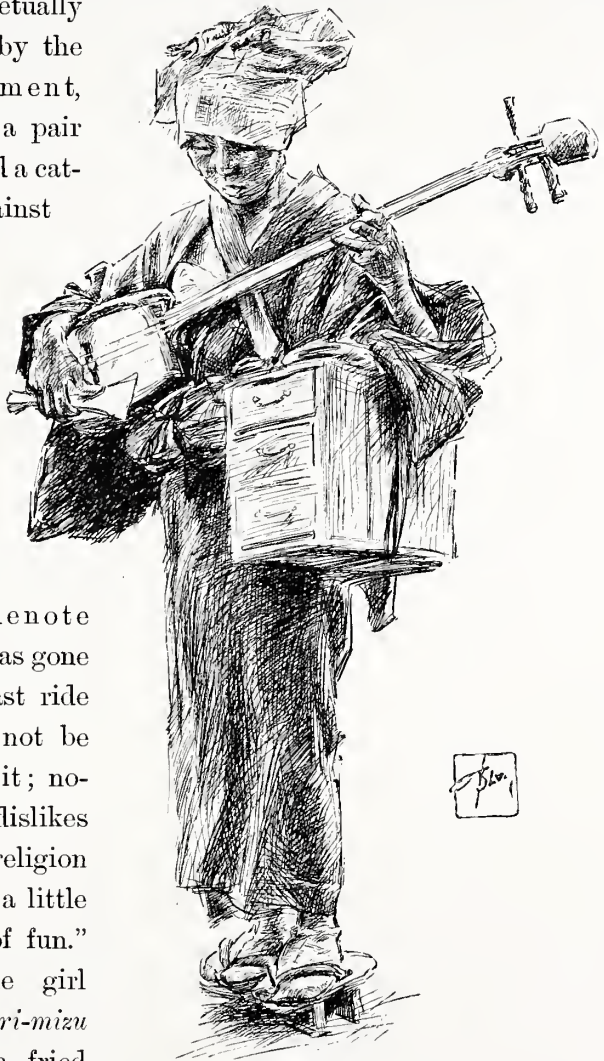


A BEGGING PRIEST.

constructed, breaks the uniformity with its heavy, ugly walls and windows of black lacquer. In a great conflagration these will be the only buildings left standing; and after any extensive *Kwaji* you see them surviving, isolated and scorched, like rocks upon a burnt moorland. The sombre color of the houses, and their black and white heavy roofs and ridges, would give a too subdued and almost sombre look to a Japanese street, if it were not for the gay contents of the shops, and the bright, good-tempered busy throngs in the roadway. The fruit-stores, the doll-shops, the fan-shops, the flower-shops, the

cake-shops, the small emporiums where they sell bed-quilts, and *Kimono*, and hanging pictures (*Kaki-mono*), and shrines for

Buddha, and tinselled hairpins, and gold and silver twist for the hair, and umbrellas, amply fill the scene with color. Then the people are so perpetually interesting! Stand by the apothecary's establishment, which has for its sign a pair of large gilded eyes and a catalogue of charms against all devils, while this funeral procession passes; a square, white box, borne shoulder high, by four bearers, within which, with head resting upon his knees, and the gold ball above him to denote "space"—whither he has gone—the dead takes his last ride in Tokio. You need not be too melancholy about it; nobody greatly dreads or dislikes dying in Japan, where religion has been defined as "a little fear and a great deal of fun." The clog-maker, the girl grinding ice in the *Kori-mizu* shop, the hawker with fried eels, the little naked boys and girls at play; the priest, the policemen in white, and the pretty, tripping *musumē*, look at the cortège a little, but with their laughter and chat only half suspended, as their fellow-citizen



"WANDERING ETAS."

wends to take his turn at gazing into the *Johari-no-Kagami*—that mirror in the other world where, at a glance, you see all the good things and all the bad things which you ever did in this. The street, which had stood aside a little for the procession, fills anew with *misoku*, i.e., “coolies,” or “leg-men,” toiling at wheeling timber, assisted heartily by old ladies in light blue trousers; students in flat caps and scarlet socks; wandering *etas*, the Japanese pariahs; perambulating shopkeepers, such as the *moji-yaki*, or “letter-burner,” who bakes sweet paste into characters, animals, or baskets; his fellow, the *ame-ya*, or jelly-man, who, from barley-gluten, will blow you, by a reed, rats, rabbits, or monkeys; and the two priests, with long, embroidered lapels, one telling such a good story that the other, exploding with laughter, is heard to say, *Domo! Kimoto subushita*. “Really! you have burst my liver!” If it be the season of kites, everybody will be flying them, in mid traffic, even the shopkeeper has despatched one aloft, worked by a string fastened to his *hibachi*, and the barber’s family launches one from the upper window of the house, marked by the conventional pole of red, blue, and white. The chiffonier of Japan—the *Kami-Kudsubi-iroi*—is picking up rags and paper scraps with a forked bamboo; the sparrow-catcher goes stealthily along carrying a tall bamboo rod armed with bird-lime fatal to many a chirping bird; the gravely dressed doctor passes with a boy to carry his pestle-and-mortar box, and “the thousand-year-life-pills;” the fortune-teller spreads on a cloth his fifty little sticks and six black and red blocks of wood, which can tell you more than man should know; the bean-cake-seller tinkles his bells and beats his gong to announce his sticky wares; the *amma*, the blind shampooer, feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed-flute, and ready to pound and knead anybody’s muscles into vigor for three-pence; while in a quiet corner, under the temple-wall, the street-artist, surrounded by admirers, constructs pictures and writes Chinese mottoes on the earth with handfuls



“THE AMMA.”

“The blind shampooer feels his way slowly through the crowd, piping three lugubrious notes on his reed flute.”

of tinted sand. Into the temple-court—for it is *Matsuri*, and a great day—are pouring lines of people to say a brisk prayer at the shrine, and to buy some toys for the children at the innumer-

able stalls round the court. Religion and pleasure go hand in hand in Japan. Observe the old lady, with shaven eyebrows and blackened teeth, belonging to by-gone Japan ; her two daughters,

who are of the newer style, and proudly carry European umbrellas, and even black silk gloves. They wash their hands from the temple well by means of a small wooden ladle ; approach the altar, pull the thick cord which makes the gong sound, and, the attention of heaven having been engaged, they pray their silent prayers with bowed heads and clasped palms ; throw a sen into the offering-box, and clapping their hands to let Divinity know their affair is finished, they turn aside, merrily chatting, to sip tea at the "Snow-white Stork" and purchase hair-



"FOR IT IS MATSURI."

pins and playthings for the *Kodomo*.

Alike in the street and the temple-court, the pretty, lively, laughing Japanese girl lights up the crowd with her bright dress, her happy, winsome face and shining tresses, splendidly elaborated. I have described her faithfully in the subjoined verses :

THE MUSMEE.

The Musmee has brown-velvet eyes,
 Curtained with satin, sleepily ;
 You wonder if those lids would rise
 The newest, strangest sight to see !

Yet, when she chatters, laughs, or plays
 Koto, or lute, or samisen—
 No jewel gleams with brighter rays
 Than flash from those dark lashes then.

The Musmee has a small brown face—
 Musk-melon seed its perfect shape—
 Arched, jetty eyebrows; nose to grace
 The rosy mouth beneath; a nape,
 And neck, and chin; and smooth soft cheeks,
 Carved out of sun-burned ivory;
 With teeth which, when she smiles or speaks,
 Pearl merchants might come leagues to see!

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
 How to grow dark, the raven's wing
 How to seem ebon; grand the sight
 When in rich masses towering.
 She builds each high black-marble coil,
 And binds the gold and scarlet in,
 And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil
 The *Kanzáshi*, her jewelled pin.

The Musmee has small, faultless feet,
 With snow-white tabi trimly decked,
 Which patter down the city street
 In short steps, slow and circumspect;
 A velvet string between her toes
 Holds to its place the unwilling shoe,
 Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
 And on her head a hood of blue.

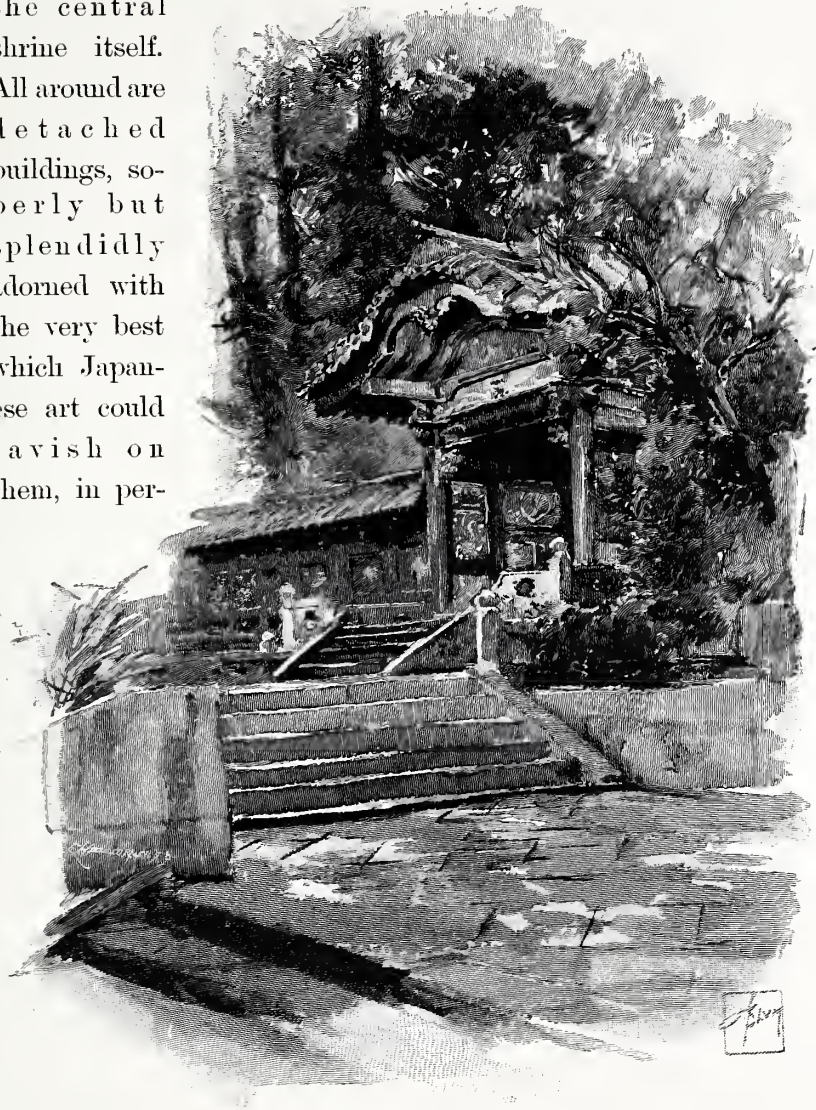
The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—
Kimóno, obi, imogi—
 A rose-bush in spring-loveliness
 Is not more color-glad to see!
 Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
 And heavy swing her long silk sleeves
 With cakes, love-letters, *mikans* ripe,
 Small change, musk-box, and writing leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief
 And quick to pleasure, love, and song;
 The Musmee's pocket-handkerchief,
 A square of paper! All day long
 Gentle, and sweet, and debonair
 Is—rich or poor—this Asian lass,
 Heaven have her in its tender care!
*O medeto gozarimus!**

Turning aside a little from the picturesque and bustling "Cho," we easily come to Shiba, buried in groves of cryptomeria, an island of solemn peace and grandeur in the bosom of the city. Here, shut in by ponderous red gateways, built of mighty beams, with giant doors which turn upon huge hinges of copper, are the tombs and temples of six of the famous Tokugawa Shoguns, the ancient rulers of this land under the Mikado. It is like passing out of the rolling sea into a land-locked harbor, to step over the threshold of the massive vermilion porch, and to find yourself in the outer court of the Zojoji. Around are hundreds of stone memorial *ishidoro*—as many as two hundred in one alone of these pebbled enclosures, offerings to the princely deceased from their vassals. Screened walls and portals, presenting wonderful work in wood-carving, gilding, and lacquer, shut the outer courts from the inner. Each panel is enriched with a different subject—flowers, birds, and real, or fabulous animals, dexterously relieved by gold-leaf and color. Passing again through these walls, inner inclosures are reached where stand colossal bronze lanterns of high finish. Dancing-houses, treasure-houses, and libraries for the sacred books, exquisitely decorated; a vast washing cistern to be used before prayer, cut out of one block of stone, and lotus pools, which, in August, are full of the white and blue blossoms of the hallowed flower, attract the attention. By yet another gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height, of semi-barbarous, but splendid beauty, the step is led to

* "May it be prosperous with you!"

the central shrine itself. All around are detached buildings, soberly but splendidly adorned with the very best which Japanese art could lavish on them, in per-



"A GATEWAY, SCULPTURED AND EMBELLISHED TO AN EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT OF SEMI-BARBAROUS BUT SPLENDID BEAUTY."

fect joinery, gilding, coloring, lacquer, metal-work, painting, and carving. The whole place is full of symbolism. On the outer screens, shutting off the first court, you may have no-

ticed waves of the sea, done in brass, furiously running on the panels, with storm-birds hovering. It was an emblem of the unrest of life for all of us, as well as for Shoguns. But at the second wall the brazen waves were chiselled, rolling more quietly, and here, on the screen by which we enter the court of the chapel of *Iyenobu* and *Iye-oshi*, the waves are moulded as falling asleep; doves brood, in silver and gold; there is peace! Laying aside shoes, you may pass over the black-lacquered steps and floors, through golden doors, into the central shrine, spread with the whitest and finest of mats; and the walls and ceilings are so daintily and patiently wrought with wonderful workmanship that every square inch demands a special study. The great HOUSE OF DEATH is finished off, in its minutest portion, like a flower-vase or a *netsuke*, and, perhaps, the very utmost that Japanese craftsmanship could ever accomplish, in its own special provinces, may here be seen and admired. Every incense-pole and lamp-stand is a lovely object, alike for its labor and design. The low stands on which the sacred books lie open have priceless enrichments; and one is glad to see the silent priests move about in gold and silver brocade, for ordinary dress in such a magnificent scene would appear incongruous. At the same time, the more you realize the artistic richness of this great group of temples and tombs, the more you are struck with the low-toned, sober, restrained *ensemble* of it all. The shrines themselves are but the Japanese hut idealized, the gold and the glittering brass, and the sharp colors of the carvings sink back from the sunlight under the massive eaves, and where a screen, or a painted side-wall would glitter too much, the heavy foliage of the cryptomerias casts a black curtain upon it. The character of the place is deeply impressive, a proud melancholy, a princely modesty, a sumptuousness royal to prodigality, not for ostentation, but for love of pensive beauty, show themselves everywhere. The Shoguns are certainly buried, as if they were emperors, in the

heart of this concourse of black and gold and lacquered chapels and cemeteries, shut from the busy city by the dark trees, the high walls, and the blood-red gateways.



"SCREENED WALLS AND PORTALS, PRESENTING WONDERFUL WORK IN WOOD-CARVING."

Near Shimbashi we pass under the tall ladder of a fire-station, on the summit of which stands a watchman, looking north, south, east, and west, to spy the rolling smoke which by daytime

first denotes a conflagration. If he sees signs of a fire, *kuaji*, he will beat upon the gong at his side as many blows as, by a preconcerted code, denote the particular "cho" which is the scene of the disaster. Persons passing count the strokes and hurry homeward, if it be a case of

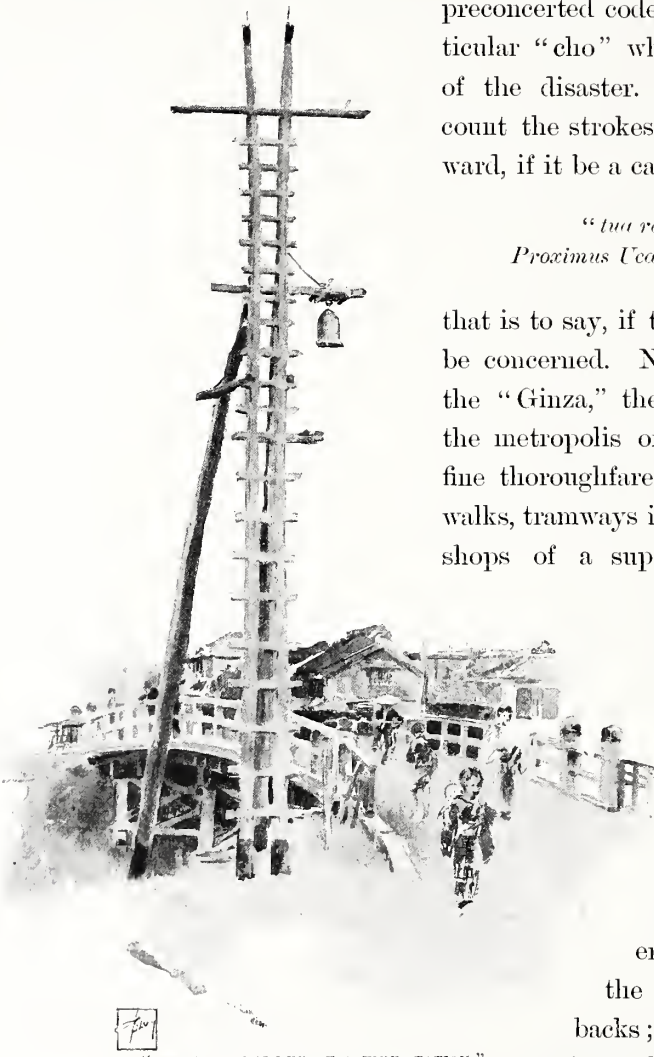
*"tua res agitur quum
Proximus Ucalegon ardet;"*

that is to say, if their own district be concerned. Next we turn into the "Ginza," the "Broadway" of the metropolis of Japan—a really fine thoroughfare, with paved sidewalks, tramways in the middle, and shops of a superior description.

Here ebbs and flows the full business life of the city, and mingling with it, as elsewhere, the clattering patens, the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs; the children kite-

flying; the traders sitting

over their glowing charcoal braziers; the hawkers of fish, dried radish, cakes, persimmons, toys, pipes, kites, and flags; the coolies with their balanced loads; the blind old samisen-



"THE TALL LADDER OF A FIRE-STATION."



"THE WHOLE PLACE IS FULL OF SYMBOLISM."

players ; the Buddhist priests ; the pretty *musmees*, with their hair like black marble and pigeon-feet ; the imperturbable slit-eyed babies ; the acquaintances meeting in the street and profusely bowing and saluting ; the Japanese officers riding along, each with his *betto*, or groom ; the flower-peddlers ; the bullock-men ; the bird-dealers ; the tea-houses, the little funny house-fronts and opened interiors ; the bath-rooms, the temples, the stone-yards, the basket-works, the gliding rice-boats—*tout le tremblement*, in fact, of the wonderful and ever-interesting capital city of Japan. Or we might have come into the Ginza across the Shiro, by any of its many entrances and exits, the *Tora Monor*, “Tiger Gate ;” the *Sakurada-gomon*, “Cherryfield Gate ;” or the *Hanzo-go-mon*, which leads to the emperor’s gardens and the imperial place. This Shiro is a great feature of the city, in the midst of which it sits ; a spacious and far-commanding fortified *enceinte*, everywhere surrounded by lofty embankments, planted with ancient firs, and walls of giant masonry, at the feet of which sleep broad moats, covered, in winter-time, with wild-duck and geese, bitterns and herons. Nothing can be finer in appearance, as embellishments of a capital, than these massive ramparts and green slopes of grass, overshadowed by the gnarled fir-trees. The masonry looks as solid as a sea-cliff, built out at all its angles with huge blocks of stone like the ram of an ironclad, in a curved projecting outline, so that the mighty blocks sit back immovable in their places, and it seems that not even an earthquake could have the smallest effect upon them. In the emperor’s palace we might have seen the most perfect example of what Japanese carpenters and joiners can accomplish, and yet, though every ceiling there is a work of high art, divided by rich brown lacquer into panels exquisitely decorated, and the costliest silks and most splendid carvings are lavished all around ; amid all that luxury of royal art you would observe the great square supporting posts of white fir, left simply hand-

dressed in all their milky, pure, velvet-like beauty, delighting the eye with the natural grain and texture, as nothing manufactured by the wit of man ever could. And if we were attempting more than the merest stroll about the city, we ought to pass *Fuji-mi-cho*, where, near the monument—a vast bronze bayonet, erected to the soldiers slain in the civil war—the city spreads out, of one interminable pattern and color as far as the eye can see. We should have gone to Uyeno to visit the great exhibition, and see the lotuses in blossom, and to Asakusa to view the imposing temple of *Kvannon Sama*, the Merciful Goddess; also the temples of the Five Hundred Sages, and of the God of War, *Hachi-man*, where we might have duly honored the shrine of *Kôbô-Daishi*, the too ingenious inventor of the Japanese alphabet. We might have stood on the famous *Nihon-bashi*, the central spot of the city, from which all distances are measured throughout the empire, and might have traversed, close by, Anjin Chô, or “Pilot Street,” so named after the English sailor, Will Adams, who came here in the time of Shakespeare, married a Japanese wife, and grew to be a favorite of the emperor, and a great two-sworded Japanese nobleman. His letters from Japan, published by the Hakluyt Society, furnish the most delightful reading, being written in that large and quaint style which seemed to come naturally in

“The spacious times of great Elizabeth.”

That the old navigator had well feathered his nest in Japan is clear, from an account given by another adventurer of his place of residence at Hemi, near Yokosuka. He there describes Will Adams's place thus: “This Hemi is a Lordshipp geuen to Capt. Adams pr. the ould Emperour to hym and his for eaver, & confermed to hys sonne, called Joseph. There is above 100 farms or howsholds, uppon it, besides others under them, all which are his vassals, and he hath pôwer of lyfe & death ouer

them, they being his slaves; he having as absolute authority over them as any *tono* (or king) in Japan hath over his vassals."

But I must imagine that my gentle reader is already a little fatigued with the streets and *chôs* and temples which have been inspected, and would be not unwilling to dine *à la Japonaise* at some one of the many excellent restaurants which throng the city. Let us then turn aside from the main thoroughfares to choose a spot where will be fresh and good Japanese cookery, with retirement. Such a retreat may be found as well, perhaps, as anywhere, at the sign of the "Golden Koi" which sits upon the sea near *Shinagawa*, on Tokio Bay. We will, therefore, call *kurumas* and make our usual bargain to go and return. Like the elder Mr. Weller, whose knowledge of London "was extensive and peculiar," these wonderful little men seem to be acquainted with every nook and corner of their vast labyrinth of wood and paper which is called Tokio. As for the "Golden Koi," it is too famous and respectable, of course, not to be familiar, and the small, brown, two-legged horses take a quick "bee-line" for the *Yadoya*, where we are to seek refreshment. We cross the railway line and are smartly wheeled into the garden of the inn, adorned with the artificial crags, dwarfed trees, and tiny lakes, with goldfish and fairy pagodas and bridges, in which the Japanese take such pleasure. As we approach the door all the waiting-maids of the establishment—the *musmees*—in pretty striped and flowered *kimonos* and *obis*, with glossy black hair "done to the nines," hasten to the threshold to receive us, uttering a chorus of "*Irrashai! Yoko irrashai mashta, o ide nasai!*" which is to say, "Condescend entrance! You are very welcome. Please make the honorable entrance!" You slip off your shoes, nor will you have been long in Japan before you learn to wear daily some foot-gear which comes off and on as easily as the native *geta*, and you also learn to carry a shoe-horn as regu-

larly as your watch or cigar-case. Lifting their foreheads from the matting, or polished *plafond*, the *musmees* receive hats and umbrellas and take you by the hand to lead you *nikai ni*, up the shining ladder-like staircase to the spotless apartment aloft,



COMING TO THE GOLDEN KOI—WAITING-GIRLS RECEIVING GUESTS.

where the open *shoji* give directly upon the sea. It is fair and fresh here; wavelets are running in from the quiet gulf under the balcony, and three large sampans, drawn ashore, are discharging a good haul of fish, which their owners have made this morning. One man, stark naked, brings two tubs upon his shoulder to the side of the boat, and those within it ladle forth the great *tai*, and all sorts of other fish, with hand-nets out of the hold. Close by is a sea-pond where fresh catches are kept

alive in floating boxes. After observing all this, and the bright seascape, with junks and sampans and great foreign ships, you sit down on the circular silk *futons*, brought by the *musmee*, who has come in with the "honorable tea"—a cup for each person—and two or three tobacco-mono bearing lighted charcoal.

To be quite Japanese, we will begin by taking from our girdle the little brass pipes and silken tobacco bags, filling the *kiseru*, and inhaling one or two fragrant whiffs of the delicate Japanese tobacco. In their use of the nicotian herb, as in very many other things, the Japanese display a supreme refinement. The rudest coolie, the coarsest farm-laborer, equally with the lady of rank, the pretty *geisha*, and the minister of state, are content with this tiny pipe, which does not hold enough to make even Queen Mab sneeze. They stuff a little rolled pill of the fine-cut leaf into a bowl smaller than the smallest acorn-cup, thrust it in the glowing charcoal, and inhale deep into the lungs just one fragrant whiff of the blue smoke, which they expel by mouth and nostrils. Then they shake out the little burning plug into the bamboo receptacle and load up again for a second *ippuku*; valuing only the first sweet purity of the lighted luxury, and always wondering how we can smoke a great pipeful to the "bitter end," or suck for half an hour at a huge Havana puro. "*Kiseru no shita ni doku arimas!*" they say—"At the bottom of a pipe there lives poison." Much fancy and fashion are displayed in the appurtenances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little long, embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver, or jewelled clasp. Men wear, stuck in their girdles, a pipe-sheath of carved ivory, bone, or bamboo; and the pipe itself may be a small, commonplace article of reed and brass, or an exquisite object in bronze, silver, or gold, worked up with lovely ornament in lacquer or enamel.

The kneeling *musmee* next presents a bill of fare, written in yellow Chinese characters on a black lacquer board, to read

which, and understand the merits of the various dishes, we must suppose ourselves honored by the society of native friends. In any case, be sure to order some *unagi-meshi*, the very nicest thing which they cook in Japan, consisting of small silver eels, from which the bones have been removed, split, spitted upon bamboo splinters, and roasted upon boiled rice, with a delicious sauce. We decide upon the usual four courses, with *saké* of the first quality; and whoever gives the order will now fold up in paper, say twenty *sen*, for the *musmee*, and, if very liberal, thirty or forty for the *aruji*, or mistress of the house. "*Chisai mono!*" you mutter, pushing the folded papers to the girl, who goes down upon her nose and murmurs in reply, "*Domo arigato zonjimas,*" "Really, most thankful," but does not touch them yet, as it is etiquette never to seem in a hurry to appropriate a gift. She disappears to convey the "honorable commands," and then there ensues a longish wait, during which you will smoke and chat again, and watch more fishermen arriving with their silvery cargoes; the *betto* washing their horses in the sea; the brown, bare Japanese boys and girls disporting in it; and the servants of the hotel taking out from the fish-boxes the struggling materials of your dinner. Presently the *musmees* return, bringing the hot *saké* in a tall china bottle, placed within a wooden stand, and a tiny, delicate saké-cup for each guest, lying in a porcelain, bronze, or carved wooden bowl of water. They also bring a red or black lacquered tray, placing it before each guest, bearing a covered bowl full of *chawan*—a thin fish-soup boiled with mushrooms and sea-weed—and brand new chopsticks, not yet parted one from the other. Taking a saké-cup in both hands, the kneeling maid presents it to the chief guest, and afterward other cups to the others, in like manner, filling each to the brim, but careful not to spill a drop. You toss your first cup off, and, rinsing it in the water, offer it with both hands to each friend in succession, saying, "*Ippai kudasai.*" He or she takes your cup,



A JAPANESE DINNER AT THE GOLDEN KOL.

Spina

lifts it to the forehead, holds it to be filled, drinks, rinses, and returns it ; after which you must also drink. As this goes on all around, a good deal of the hot rice wine becomes absorbed before the meal commences ; but this is quite Japanese. The *musmee*, kneeling before you, keeps her black eyes wide open to notice and fill up all empty cups, or a friend will perform that office for you—the strict rule being that you must never help yourself to the “honorable *saké*.”

You now split apart your chopsticks, lift the lid of the *chawan*, and fish out a first morsel. Chopsticks, far from being awkward, are the most convenient as well as the cleanest table utensils, once the secret of their use is learned. It cannot be taught in words. There is an indescribable knack of fixing one stick firmly, and hinging the other with the first and second finger, so as to play exactly upon the fixed stick, which renders the little implements perfect for everything except, of course, juice or gravy, and soup. You can even cut with them by inserting the points close together, and then forcibly separating them ; and as for handiness and precision of grasp, in a little wager at this very restaurant, even I myself picked up with the *hashi* twenty-two single grains of rice in one minute from a lacquered tray, being beaten by a Japanese lady, whose swift skill dexterously conveyed as many as forty-nine. You drink the soup, and find also on your tray a saucer of *kuchitori*, which is a sort of omelette, together with *kinto*, a sticky mass of beans and sugar ; and perhaps some *kama boko*, fish pounded and rolled into little balls. Or there will be *su-no-mono*, sea-slugs, (*Holothuria*) soured in vinegar. The *kinto* is prettily adorned with flower-leaves and colored strings of sugar.

Hereupon the *musmees* appear again with more lacquered trays, bearing more saucers and little dishes made of sticks of glass. On these will be forthcoming another sort of soup, *shiru*, of fish and sea-weed ; or *sui-mono*, of bean curds ; or *chawan-Mushi*, a thick, yellow, and more substantial soup, to-

gether with *hashi-yakana*, large slices of broiled *tai*, and *tsubo* or *nori*, sea-weed, in strings or flakes, of which the Japanese are fonder than the foreigner is likely to prove. On another glass plate raw fish will tempt you, cut into delicate slices, with, close at hand, a small quantity of *wasabi*, the hot mountain horse-radish. Do not reject the raw fish until you have stirred a pinch of the *wasabi* into your porcelain soypan, dipped a flake of the fish into that sauce, and eaten it, with a touch or two of the *kono-mono*, the pickled egg-plant, cabbage-leaves, *daikon*, and cucumber, arranged as neatly as a mosaic on a red tray. The raw fish is called *namasu*, and is not only very nice but very digestible. Around you by this time will swarm other little dishes; *sashimi*, minced fish, boiled lotus and lily roots, *aemono* salad, made with pounded sesammm-seed, and a peach, or persimmon, or orange in crystallized sugar, with, possibly, some salted plums. Do not be too much allured by these attractions, because the *magi-meshi* has yet to come, for which you must keep a considerable corner. It is brought in boxes of gilded lacquer, the rice accompanying in a handsome bowl; and if you have not cared for the sea-ears and sea-slugs, nor much enjoyed the raw fish and the *daikon*, you might dine abundantly on this delicious dish alone. You are at last surrounded by twenty or thirty dishes, like a ship in harbor by a fleet of boats, and the best of a Japanese dinner is that, after flitting like a butterfly from flower to flower of the culinary *parterre*, you can not only come back to anything that has originally pleased, but leave off to smoke and chat, and then commence again, if you like, at the very beginning. When everybody has had enough, particularly of *saké*, the substantial part of the repast has still to arrive, for the Japanese. The last *saké* bottle is removed and *gohan* is brought, the honorable, great, white tub with hot, boiled rice. Along with it reappears fresh tea, and each native guest will consume two bowls of rice, and

then another, amply saturated with tea. I forgot to mention that with the first tea-service ornamental colored cakes are offered, *soba*, *shiruko*, and later on *sushi*. Lastly come the pipes again, and at the proper time some one says to the kneeling

musmee, "*Kanjo okure nasai*," "Be

pleased to bring the honorable account."

At this moment the hostess will, no doubt, appear with



Plum

"BE PLEASED TO BRING THE HONORABLE ACCOUNT."

lowly obeisances, and, thanking her guests, and deeply apologizing for "*O Machido Sama*," "the honorable Mr. waiting-time," though there will have been nothing to complain of as to the delay. The light account is discharged, the attendant *kurumaya* are summoned, and we depart in a sincere and gentle storm of "*Mata dozo O hayaku*," and "*Mata irrashai*," "Come again soon!" "Be pleased to come quickly again!"



III.

JAPANESE WAYS AND THOUGHTS





ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, writing about the Japanese people in the middle of the sixteenth century, said : "This nation is the delight of my soul !" Will Adams, the English pilot-major, sending home an account of the land where he was at that time a prisoner, although soon to be released and raised to great favor, delivered it gravely as his opinion that "the people of the Iland of Iapan are good of nature, curteous aboue measure and valiant in warre : their iustice is seuerely executed without any partialitie vpon transgressors of the law. They are gouerned in great ciuilitie. I meane, not a land better gouerned in the world by ciuill policie. The people be verie superstitious in their religion, and of diuers opinions : alsoe veri subiect to thear gouernours and superiores."

Kaempfer, at the end of the seventeenth century, describes the Japanese as "bold, . . . heroic, . . . revengeful, . . . desirous of fame, . . . very industrious and enured to hardships ; . . . great lovers of civility and good manners, and very nice in keeping themselves, their cloaths and houses, clean and neat. . . . As to all sorts of handicrafts, either curious or useful, they are wanting neither proper materials, nor industry and application, and so far is it that they should have any occasion to send for masters from abroad, that they rather exceed all other nations in ingenuity and neatness of workmanship, particularly in brass, gold, silver, and copper."

Modern authorities, endeavoring to summarize the character of the inhabitants of "Dai Nippon," appear fairly unanimous with regard to the fine manners, the high spirit, the docility, the loyalty, industry, neatness, and artistic genius of this race; but one complains of their secretiveness and disregard of truth; another of their lack of "chastity and sobriety;" and others, like M. Pierre Loti, in his "*Madame Chrysanthème*," seem to take Japan as a bright and fascinating freak of geography and ethnology: too *petit, bizarre, grotesque, minuscule, manière* to love; too *drôle, mignon, amusant, aimable* to speak very ill of. Merchants inveigh against the unbusiness-like qualities of the Japanese, and compare them disadvantageously with the natives of China; finding them petty, shilly-shallying, and untrustworthy. Scientific and serious natures lament the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind. Metaphysical, psychological, ethical questions and problems—say these—have no interest for their practical and superficial natures. Good-hearted they are, artistic, delightfully polite, nice in persons and ways; yet—declare other judges—"deceitful, insincere, vain, frivolous," and as regards their women, tyrannical, one-sided, and semi-barbarous. Medical works, portraying them physically, tell us that the Japanese are Mongols, distinguished by a yellowish skin, straight black hair, scanty beard, almost total absence of hair on the arms, legs, and chest, broadish prominent cheek-bones, and more or less obliquely set eyes.

Compared with people of European race the average Japanese has a long body and short legs, a large skull, with a tendency to prognathism, a flat nose, coarse hair, scanty eyelashes, prominent eyelids, a sallow complexion, and a low stature. The average height of Japanese men is about the same as that of European women. The women are proportionately smaller and better-looking than the men, with pretty manners and charming voices. Japanese children they allow to be most taking, with their grave,

little, demure ways, their old-fashioned airs, their almost preternatural propriety of conduct. All seem to conclude that the Japanese have less highly strung nerves than Europeans, bearing pain with admirable calm, and meeting death with compara-



SOME TYPES OF JAPANESE BABIES.

tive indifference. Mr. Chamberlain justly attributes this, in a large degree, to the silent and benign influence of Buddhism, as being "a tolerant and hopeful creed, promising rest at last to all." It is, however, a fact well known to doctors in Japan, that a vast number of maladies there are hysterical; and it is doubtful to my mind whether any nation possesses a more finely

developed nervous organization than its people. Their love of light and delicate pleasures ; their keen appreciation of the tea-cup, of the spray of cherry-blossom, or of the maple-branch, whose leaves are green stars, of the tiny pipe, of the deliciously mingled landscapes of their country, go to show their extreme impressionability. I should be the last to depreciate the indubitable effect of the gentle and lofty teachings of Buddhism in fortifying and elevating the national nature, but my own opinion is, that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation, and a large proportion of their other virtues, have root in this deep and universal quality.

As for the people, I am, and always shall be, of good St. Francis Xavier's feeling : " This nation is the delight of my soul ! " Never have I passed days more happy, tranquil, or restorative than among Japanese of all classes, in the cities, towns, and villages of Japan. Possibly that is because I have had no business relations with my kind and pleasant Niponese friends, and have never talked very much metaphysics ; but it seems certainly an easy way to keep on the right side of folks, to let philosophy and theology alone. Moreover, it is, no doubt, necessary for such experiences to go a little behind that sort of Japan which you find on the *Hatobas* of Yokohama or Kobe ; in the *Yoshiwaras* of those and the other open ports. At very little distance from the surface, which we civilizing westerns have done our best to spoil, will be still discovered the old, changeless, high-tempered, generous, simple, and sweet-mannered Japan which charmed so much and so naturally the Lusitanian saint and the Dutch surgeon. I frankly confess it has entirely charmed me too ; and therefore what I say of this Japanese nation, and their manners and customs, must be received with the proper caution attaching to the language of a friend, and even a lover. But where else in the world does there exist such a con-

spiracy to be agreeable ; such a wide-spread compact to render the difficult affairs of life as smooth and graceful as circumstances admit ; such fair decrees of fine behavior fixed and accepted for all ; such universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act ; such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence ; such lively love of nature as the embellisher of that existence ; such sincere delight in beautiful artistic things ; such frank enjoyment of the enjoyable ; such tenderness to little children ; such reverence for parents and old persons ; such wide-spread refinement of taste and habits ; such courtesy to strangers ; such willingness to please and to be pleased ?

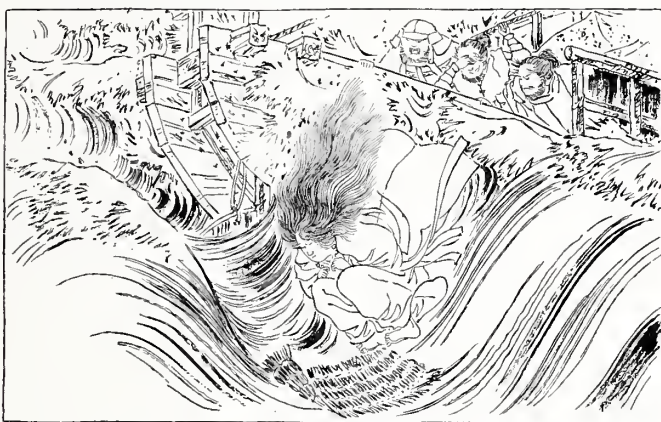
The eye is not less delighted perpetually in Japan by graceful and varied costumes, than the hearing is gratified by those phrases of soft, old-world deference and consideration which fill the air like plum and cherry blossoms falling. It stands an absolute fact that there is no oath, or foul interjectionary word in Japanese, and when common coolies quarrel, or when a stubborn Chinese pony jibs, the worst you catch is *sore* ! “that ! that !” —or *koitsu* ! “the fellow.” On one day passed in England or the United States you could inhale more mephitic atmosphere publicly poisoned with vile, angry epithets, than in a month of the lowest slums of Tokio, or Kyôto. They are as clean a people, as to their tongues, as in their persons ; and he who is *kuchi-gitanaï*, “evil-mouthed,” becomes shunned by all alike, and utterly despised. A good-tempered word will oftentimes put aside the most threatening passion. A timber-barrow was being wheeled along in a narrow road, and swept away the corner bamboo-pole of a citizen’s veranda, bringing down some tiles. Out he comes, deeply agitated, to expostulate ; and because the *ninsoku* stands bowing with covered head, endeavoring to explain, the shopkeeper tries to snatch off the coolie’s reed hat, crying, “Do you dare to say, *go men nasai*, to me, with your hat upon your head ?” This infuriates the coolie, who ceases struggling to get out the promise

that they will come back in an hour to repair damages, and to explain that it was all an accident due to a fault in the road. Suddenly the shopkeeper sees for himself that they too have broken a wheel and a lantern, and realizes his over-impatience as to the hat, which, being tied under the chin and ears, could not be easily doffed. A sense of equity returns; he bows low and says: "*O tagai de gozarimas!*" "It was the *honorable mutuality!*" "Yes, *Danna,*" responds the immediately mollified cartman, "truly it was the honorable mutuality!" and with a profusion of bows the quarrel is accommodated. "*O tagai*" has made them reasonable again.

But, if a foreign sojourner must speak so favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken all together, so amazingly superior to their men-folk, as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretensions to justify the view. The Japanese male has considered himself, all through his history, the superior of the graceful and gentle companion of his life, who is taught, from the hour when she disappoints her mother by arriving in this world, to humble herself, first to her parents, next to her husband, and lastly to her children. But it is characteristic of women, in all ages and countries, to make the best of bad laws and customs, and even to turn them to the advantage of themselves and of the men. Thus I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much her own way everywhere; and obtains, without ex-

acting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected.

It is an unsolved mystery in what proportion the Mongol, the Malay, and the South Sea Islander, with perhaps Arabs and Semitic peoples, have blended to constitute this unique, gifted, impressionable race. Yet it is a still greater mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times



QUEEN OTO TACHIBANI HIMÉ LEAPING INTO THE SEA.

proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—*oto-nashü shinsetsu na*—tender, gentle, and devoted. It is full of legends and records creditable to the sex, from the time of the great queen who conquered Corea, and of the lovely Oto Tachibani Himé, who died by leaping into the sea to appease the tempest and save her husband, the Emperor, down to Gompachi and Komurasaki, the Romeo and Juliet of Tokio, at whose grave I, reverently, burned a bundle of incense sticks. The spot is a quiet nook in a bamboo garden, near the temple of Fudô Sama at Meguro, where a tiny pent-house has been raised over the ancient stones marking the resting-place of the ill-starred Japan-

ese lovers. Their story is told in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," nor can you peruse it, or hear any native relate it, without feeling how immeasurably superior Komurasaki—"Little Purple"—was to Gompachi. And another strange thing is, that though the national morality, from our point of view, would be called "low," and the position accorded to women has assuredly not been such as to make them heroic, nowhere in the world were wives more faithful; and nowhere have there been more moving love-stories than in Japan. I recall a tale—whether already published I know not—of a beautiful Japanese girl, beloved and sought in marriage by a handsome but worthless young Samurai. For family reasons she was wedded to another young nobleman who treated her very well, and to whom she became fondly attached, although she had originally returned the passion of her good-for-nothing lover. This latter held some family secret, the disclosure of which would have been fatal to the fortunes and reputation of her house. A year or two after her marriage he met her walking abroad in Tokio, and felt so violent a renewal of admiration for her beauty that he determined to stick at nothing to gain her. The guilty proposals which he managed to convey to her being indignantly rejected, he decided to bring to bear upon her mother the knowledge which he possessed of the family secret. It happened that one day, while visiting at her mother's house, she overheard her desperate suitor threatening the aged lady with death, and the publication of the household disgrace, if she did not obtain for him possession of his beautiful lost mistress. Her mother's distress and danger, and the sound of the worthless lover's sword-blade ringing as it left the scabbard, caused her to form an instant resolution. Breaking into the room, she said, "I have heard you, and know how cruel and dangerous you are; but for the sake of our former attachment, and for my mother's peace, and the family honor, I consent to what you demand, on condition that

you first kill my husband. He lies at night surrounded by trustworthy and fearless retainers. I will give them sleeping



ENDO MORITO'S REMORSE.

draughts, and you must come in the dark with your sword and slay him. But in order that you may perceive which is my husband's head, I will wet it with water after he has fallen asleep."

The wicked lover eagerly agreed ; the mother was too terrified to intervene. At the appointed hour of the night, when all was still, he made his way into the *yashiki*, and advanced unhindered, amid the slumbering retainers, into the darkened chamber of the betrayed lord. Kneeling down, he lightly felt head after head among those of the sleepers, and came at last upon one saturated with water. With a quick stroke of his razor-like blade he severed the head, and, rolling it in his cloth, hurried forth into the street again, that he might thereafter show it and claim fulfilment of her promise. Arrived at his own house, he proceeded to unfold his dreadful burden, and when the light of the *andou* fell upon the features, it was no man's head at all, but the lovely face of the woman whose peace he had ruined met his affrighted gaze. To save her mother's life, the family name, and her husband's honor, she had cut close her own long hair, soaked her head in water and laid it upon the pillow, to await there, with splendid fortitude and self-abnegation, the certain visit of the murderer. Beside her pillow was found a letter explaining the motives and circumstances of her deed, and the guilty lover himself became so overwhelmed with shame and remorse that, though he escaped with life, he turned monk at a lonely temple in the mountains, performing daily penances there until he died.

What has been said about the superior virtue and elevation of character among Japanese women, as compared with Japanese men, finds a simple but solid illustration in the subjoined paragraph, taken from a local Tokio newspaper. The date is recent, but any similar return, at any date in the year, and in almost any part of Japan, would probably manifest the same extraordinary preponderance of male offenders over female. These figures speak for themselves. When we find only one woman under arrest for illegal behavior to every thirty men, it may be judged how law-abiding, self-controlled, and gentle in act and word and thought are these patient and graceful "daughters of the Rising

Sun." Here is the paragraph from the *Japan Mail* of March 13, 1890 :

"The number of prisoners in various Tokio prisons, on the 15th instant, were :

	Males.	Females.
Under examination.....	696	19
Under punishment.....	2,966	111
In special rooms.....	242	8
In corrective house.....	38	...
Totals.....	3,942	138

96 arrests and 83 releases being made on the same day."

Such as they are to-day, moreover, these Japanese women have always been. I picked up in Yokohama an old Latin book by one Bernhardus Varenius, dated 1673, and entitled "*Descriptio Regni Japoniæ et Siam*," dedicated to "Her most Serene and Puissant Princess Christina, by the grace of God Queen of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals." This quaint old volume was printed at Cambridge, "in the shop of John Hayes," and would well repay translation, as it contains many interesting particulars about old Japan, and innumerable anecdotes illustrating the fidelity, the gentleness, and the virtue of the women of Japan. The ancient author says that when Japanese have been asked why they keep their women so subordinate, the answer was that "in old times, when they had more liberty and authority, deplorable results ensued, recorded in history, and that the true place of woman in this life is to serve the man, to amuse him when tired with cares and labors, and to bear and bring up his children." Buddhism—badly understood—has added, it is to be feared, to this spirit of disregard, teaching that a woman's soul could with difficulty be saved. But such, of course, was never the real Indian doctrine. It was and is characteristic of the inequitable views thus entertained, that infidelity in the wife was made a capital offence, while it was regarded as hardly so much

as a fault in the husband. The Japanese women, being taught obedience and silence from their birth, accepted the hard laws made by the men, and have moulded their natures in accordance. My Swedish doctor has an entire chapter headed "*De fidelitate et pudore feminarum*," in which he recites many noble instances of their self-respect and high sense of honor. He tells the story of a lady of rank with whom the Tycoon once fell in love, and, in order that he might possess her, played the part of David with Uriah, causing the husband to be killed in battle. Afterward he commanded that she should come to the palace, whereupon her answer, given in the Latin, was this: "Most potent Lord! if I had not been a wife, and did not now very well know how I have been made a widow, it would behoove me silently and with reverence to rejoice that I had been held worthy to serve and please your Majesty. But now, if you oblige me to comply, I will bite out my own tongue and die. Yet, if your Majesty will grant me this one request, namely, to pass thirty days in mourning while making a sepulchre for my lord and paying him due honors, I shall obey your Majesty's will. I would further pray that at the end of this period I may hold a feast of farewell with my friends and relations in the highest apartment of the tower of the palace, where I will take my leave of them, and be finally done with tears and sorrows." The Tycoon consented, the feast was held, and at its close the lady rose, and pretending to go out upon the roof to breathe the fresh air, threw herself down upon the stones below, and was instantly killed. Again, my doctor gives an ancient example of the family pride and the singular absence of selfishness or greed which marks these Japanese women still. A certain Daimio had in his palace a very beautiful mistress, of whom he was needlessly jealous. Her mother, an extremely poor widow, used to send her letters begging for clothes and money, and whatever the daughter had she would send, but was far too self-respectful to ask special assistance for

her mother, or to reveal her indigence. One day the Daimio entering, found her reading a letter which she endeavored to conceal from him. Furious with suspicion, he demanded to see it, and she, overwhelmed with shame, thrust the thin paper into her mouth and attempted to swallow the evidence of her mother's poverty. But it stuck in her throat and suffocated her. The savage husband, more than ever persuaded that she was concealing some love-epistle, drew his sword, cut open her throat, and took out the document, reading which he became full of shame and remorse; and to the end of her days, the story says, kept the widow in his palace in the greatest honor and comfort.

What renders the semi-angelic sweetness of Japanese wives, and women generally, more remarkable, though practically perhaps it really goes far to explain it, is the fact that marriage, as we know it, can scarcely be said to exist for them. It is true that ceremonies are observed at a nuptial union, especially among the upper classes, which are elaborate, and very formally prescribed in the *Sho-rei-Hikke*, or "Book of Proprieties." There one may learn all about the presents of white silk and wine and condiments; the sword of dignity for the father-in-law; the silk robes stitched together for the marriage night; the bucket containing clams to make the wedding-soup; the garden-torches; the mixing of the rice-meal (curiously like the Roman *confarreatio*); the two candles lighted and extinguished together; the table with two carved wag-tails; the dried fish, seaweed, and chestnuts, and the two wine bottles, with the male and female butterfly. But all these are for very great people. For ordinary folk little more is observed than that the bride and bridegroom should drink together nine tiny cups of *saké*, after which the bride changes her white dress for a *kimono*, presented by the bridegroom, and the union is registered at the office of the *Chô*.

Nevertheless, as far as the man is concerned, it is a union

dependent only upon his good pleasure. He can and does divorce his wife on any of seven grounds, among which are "disobedience," "talking too much," and "jealousy." Practically he can at any time send her away, and in proof of this the statistics of 1888 show that one marriage out of every three in Japan ended in divorce. A very amiable friend of mine, an officer of the Imperial Household, told me, without much self-blame or hesitation, that he had sent a wife away, to whom he was much attached, and who was of faultless character, because she did not get on well with her mother-in-law! In the upper classes it is doubtless not good form to do this if you can easily help it, but the discontented husband finds easy consolation from other arms without much reproach from his discarded spouse, who early learns that watchword of a Japanese woman's existence, "*damutte*." To be silent, under whatever neglect or unkindness, is her chief resource, forced upon her not less by tradition than by prudence. That deplorable old opportunist Konfutze, or Confucius, wrote: "The man stands in importance above the woman; he has the right of the strong over the weak. Heaven ranks before earth, and a prince before his minister." Again he says, "The hen that crows in the morning brings misfortune." In the Japanese *Jushô* there is a passage which runs—"When the goddesses saw the gods for the first time, they were the first to cry out, 'Oh! what beautiful males!' But the gods were greatly displeased, and said: 'We, who are so strong and powerful, should by rights have been the first to speak; how is it that, on the contrary, these females speak first? This is indeed vulgar.'"

The Japanese wife, therefore, in too many cases, has nothing whatever intervening between her gentle head and this suspended Damocles' sword of easy divorce, except the good will of her lord, a certain social sentiment, and her daily power to please. Where unions endure the husband was a good fellow, and as for

the wife, *elle a su plaire* ! I am, by my inquiries, inclined to believe that it was really for this reason that blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows—still a quite common custom in Japan—was adopted, if not invented, by married women, in order definitely to declare themselves a class apart from concubines and prostitutes, the *iro-onna*, the *jorô*, and the *o-mekake*. It is, of course, the very death of beauty to put a black lacquer on the teeth, which are generally so regular and so brilliant, and to shave away the eyebrows, usually so arched and silken. But from the time of Murasaki Shikibu, in A.D. 1008, wives have actually made this sacrifice, to give themselves the unmistakable *cachet* of married dignity, even at the cost of personal charms and also of physical attractiveness. Of late the custom is largely dying out, and naturally, for it is a great trouble, as well as a hideous disfigurement, to paint the teeth every other day with a sticky mixture of iron-oxide and gall-nuts, and to keep the eyebrows closely shaved. Thousands of women may, however, still be seen, with mouths which would have been pretty, darkened into the appearance of toothless cavities; and, perhaps, latterly, it was rather for fashion or tradition than for social reasons that the habit was maintained. But I do not think it is an error to say that the strange sacrifice originated, or was at any rate long continued, from the desire of married Japanese women to establish, at any expense of personal vanity, a distinction which registration at the local office poorly confirmed, and which the husband's affection and equity could not be trusted to sustain.

The preliminaries of a marriage—if such insecure unions can so be designated—are as follows: When a boy or girl has reached a marriageable age, the parents secure a suitable partner. Custom rules that the conduct of the affair must be entrusted to a middleman (*nakôdo*)—some discreet married friend, who not only negotiates the marriage, but remains through life a sort of god-father to the young couple, a referee to whom disputes may

be submitted for arbitration. Having fixed on an eligible *parti*, the middleman arranges for what is termed the *mi-ai*, the "mutual viewing"—a meeting at which the pair are allowed to see, sometimes even to speak to, each other. The interview should take place either at the middleman's own residence, or at some private house designated by the parents on both sides. But among the middle and lower classes a picnic, a party to the theatre, or a visit to a temple, often serves the purpose. If the man objects to the girl, or the girl to the man, after the "mutual inspection," there is an end of the matter, in theory at least. But in practice the young people are in their parents' hands, to do as their parents may ordain. The girl, in particular, is a nobody in the matter. It is not for girls to have opinions. And W. Chamberlain, who is the high authority for the above particulars, observes, on the general subject, in his admirable little book "Things Japanese :"

"When it is added that a Japanese bride has no bridesmaids, that the young couple go off on no honeymoon, that a Japanese wife is not only supposed to obey her husband, but actually does so; that the husband, if well enough off, probably has a concubine besides, and makes no secret of it, indeed often keeps her in the same house with his wife, and that the mother-in-law, with us a terror to the man, is not only a terror but a daily and hourly cross to the girl—for in nine cases out of ten the girl has to live with her husband's family and be at the beck and call of his relations—when due consideration is given to all these circumstances, it will be seen that marriage in Japan is a vastly different thing, socially as well as legally, from marriage in England or the United States. In this part of the world it is, in truth, a case, not of *place aux dames*, but *place aux messieurs*."

The outcome of it all is a different standard of morality from ours, which has, perhaps, its own excellences and advantages, but admits ideas strange and unacceptable to Western propriety.

Christianity and chivalry combining in the West and North have made a sacrament of love. In Japan Buddhism has sternly disparaged human affection, Confucianism has degraded it, and the unimaginative nature of the Japanese male has made it a pastime



TSURU-KAME DANCE.

and amusement merely. Japanese women generally have accepted, in theory, this inadequate view of the sexual relations, and for many ages have placed fidelity of mind higher than chastity of body.

No doubt in the upper and richer classes the rule is that a girl should be very carefully reared and guarded until she marries,

and should then live a most exemplary and dutiful life, innocent of even the desire to stray from virtue, till the day when the fire is lighted to consume her faithful flesh. But that very lady would talk about her less fortunate sisters, the *musmees* of the *Yoshiwara*, the *geishas*, and the more or less permanent concubines who everywhere abound, in a way which would quickly show how different from English or American views is that of Japanese society about the relations of the sexes. This is a country where it is not only common for a girl to sell herself to public use for the sake of her parents, but also where she will be rather admired and praised than blamed for it, and her parents pitied more than—as they should be—execrated. This is a country where prostitutes are, by no chance, seen in the streets, and where such evil displays as are exhibited in London or San Francisco would shock the taste and shame the modesty of everybody; yet where, every nightfall, thousands of gayly-attired damsels sit in long rows behind the grille of the houses in countless *Yoshiwaras*. Not once in a thousand instances do even these poor *jorô* lose their self-respect, or that sustained propriety and *savoir-faire* which makes one say that all Japanese women alike are ladies born. In the same mood and mode temporary alliances are formed (as everybody may know who has read that brilliantly offensive book “*Madame Chrysanthème*”), where the Japanese mistress generally shows herself as gentle, as attached, as faithful as if she were mated for life. Yet even by the light of M. Pierre Loti’s glittering egotism, the most casual reader may perceive how infinitely superior, morally and socially, O Kiku San was to her French satirist; and if only she could write a book in the same language entitled, “*M. Loti*,” by Madame Chrysanthème, it would be seen what a poor creature the cultured French naval officer and flâneur of the boulevards must appear beside the gentle-hearted Asiatic girl, whose immoralities belonged to Confucianism, and

her virtues to herself. The subject, although perhaps the most interesting which Japan presents, cannot, of course, be discussed here. Suffice it to say that hasty judgments are almost sure to entail injustice both to the nation and the individual.

The principal Japanese good qualities, according to a high educational authority here, Mr. Nose Ei, are "loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, personal cleanliness; and"—he very boldly adds—"chastity." These, he mentions, are strictly indigenous, being due neither to Buddhism nor Confucianism. The code of honor, called *Memboku*, that governed the actions of all the well-born, and constrained them to the highest punctilio and strictest chivalry of speech and action, was purely Japanese in source and inspiration. Mr. Nose Ei sees with me the fundamental characteristic of Japanese life in an extreme aversion to disgrace, which implies self-respect and the passion to be well thought of, leading to the constant desire to please, and this to perfect manners.

"In other countries," says Mr. Nose Ei, "ethical diction is derived from sacred writings. The terms in vogue in China came from the classics; those of Europe from the Bible; those of India and Turkey from the Koran or Buddhist scriptures; but in Japan the words which are best known as expressive of moral states, actions, and feelings are, with few exceptions, purely native, and have no connection with any religious creed whatever. Mr. Nose Ei gives the following specimens of such words: "*Ai-sumanu* (inexcusable, improper, wrong); *membo-kunai* (ashamed, crestfallen); *futo-doki-sen-ban* (audacious, insolent); *mottainai* (wrong, improper); *kinodoku*, 'poison of the spirit' (concern for others, regret); *appare* (splendid, admirable); *furachi* (unprincipled, lawless, wicked); *kawai* (lovable, dear, pretty); *otonashi* (quiet, obedient, meek); *muri-no-nai* (just, reasonable, right); *fugyōseki* (wicked or immoral conduct); *taisetsu shigoku* (of the greatest consequence, of the highest value); *ikiji*

(obstinacy, an unyielding temper); *ritsugisha* (an upright, straightforward person); *buchōhō* (ignorant, awkward, bungling); and *kuchioshii* (a thing to be deplored or regretted)."

This is as true as it is striking, and goes far to prove that the Japanese really did invent an elaborate morality for themselves; and that when an ancient Samurai said "*sumanu koto!*" about something wrong, and preferred to disembowel himself rather than do it, he referred his conscience to "the eternal fitness of things," and proved by example that "revelations" are not necessary to teach men to love the right and hate the wrong. Nay, the poets of Japan have, again and again, enforced the doctrine that the clean spirit makes the clean body, and that good deeds are better than long prayers. Sugawara Michizane wrote:

*"Kokoro dani makoto no
Michi ni kanainaba
Inorazu totemo kami wa
Manoranu,"*

which is, being freely interpreted:

*"So long as a man's heart stray
No step from his road of right,
He may pray, or forbear to pray,
But is dear in the Kami's* sight."*

The objection to second marriages, which was so strongly felt by the Japanese women of former days; the Samurai's disregard of death when clan obligations had to be fulfilled, which was so conspicuous in the old days, these find no parallel in Chinese morals. After the manner of most Japanese writers on this subject, Mr. Nose Ei dwells on the loyalty to the throne manifested in Japan as something entirely unique, and certainly the Emperor's name and person are still "things to conjure with" in the land. I stood lately all day near His Imperial

**I.e.*, God's.

Majesty, at the great military review of Nagoya, and studied with natural and respectful interest the form and bearing of the man most representative in all this world of the principle of hereditary monarchy. The dark, middle-sized, silent, absorbed potentate upon whom I gazed, wearing the golden-peaked *kepi*, buckskin breeches, and dark-blue general's coat with the golden-flowered chrysanthemum, was the lineal descendant, through an unbroken line of Japanese emperors, from Jimmu Tenno, who reigned two thousand five hundred years ago. Nay, more, of the divine generations ending with Tzanagi and Tzanami, who, being taught the art of love by water-wagtails, married and gave birth to the various islands of the Japanese Archipelago, as well as to innumerable gods and goddesses. During the utmost power of the Shoguns, the Mikado always remained the divine head of the state, the fountain of honor, although the Hojô dynasty, while they ruled, and during whose sway, by the by, the invading fleet of Kublai-Kan was repulsed, thought nothing of removing Mikados to distant islands. The cannon-shots fired by the combined fleets at *Shimonoshiki* brought about the end of the Shôgunate, and in 1867-68 the dreams of those who had studied and loved ancient Japanese history were realized; things went back to the primitive times so far as to make the Emperor actual sovereign again, as well as Mikado. This year is to witness the opening of the first parliament, for which the elections have just been completed, amid a quietude which may, and it is hoped will, prove permanent. It would task volumes to describe the immense changes which have taken place in Japan since what is often called the *O Jishin*, the "great political earthquake." Of all these changes the still youthful Emperor, standing in the artillery smoke upon the hill near Nagoya, amid the wild purple azaleas, was at once the monument and the symbol.

No change was greater in its effect upon Japanese life than the edict of January 1, 1877, which forever took his two swords

out of the girdle of the Samurai. These high-born gentlemen had been accustomed to regard the sword as the life and soul of their order, and yet in a single day they laid them finally and silently aside. Thucydides justly says that "to carry iron (*σιδηροφορεῖν*) is the mark of barbarism;" and although the sword taught noble manners it led to cruel deeds and bitter tyranny. There were swashbucklers, who would try their new blades upon the bodies of beggars, and even of women sleeping by the wells. An absolute worship, social and artistic, arose for the sword. The Daimio and Samurai made the manners and customs of the time centre around it. It had its special etiquettes; it grew to be at once the terror and the safeguard of society; and, no doubt, modern Japanese politeness is largely traceable to those punctilious days, when to turn the point of a sheathed *katana* toward anybody was a challenge, and when the weapon could not be replaced in the sheath—if once drawn—without somebody's blood. Craftsmanship and art naturally lavished their best skill upon this national symbol of the *Yamato-Damashii* (the "spirit of Japan"). Blades were brought to such perfection of temper that almost miraculous feats are recorded of them, and the swordsmith's profession was held chief of all. The forging of a great blade was conducted with ceremonies as solemn as those attending the birth of a nobleman's child. Daimios often gave away whole estates for a famous weapon, or for the pair of swords, the long *katana*, and the shorter *wakizashi*, which they placed in the *obi* of the eldest son, when he attained the age of fifteen years. The metal-workers spent all the resources of their taste and skill in ornamenting the guard, *tsuba*; the *menuki*, or hilt-studs; the pommel of the handle, *kashira*; the blade-ring, *fuchi*; the cord-cleat, *kurikata*, and the scabbard-tip, *kojiri*. Daintier or more delightful things cannot be found in gold, silver, bronze, and inlaid work than many of these exhibit, and beautiful and wonderful toil was also given to the *kodzuka*, a short dagger kept on one

side of the large sword, and to the *kozai*, a sort of sharp skewer, bearing the warrior's *mon*, which used to be left stuck in the corpse of the slain enemy, as a species of card of ownership. How much the pride felt in these exquisite instruments of rage or revenge, and the fierce punctilio attaching to their carriage, bred and fostered violence, was acknowledged by the old governments, which would frequently issue edicts forbidding such and such a lord even to bear abroad a certain weapon, as being too notoriously famous and deadly to be kept unused. The two-sworded men were, besides, marked for an aristocracy by the mere sight of the twofold lethal implements projecting from their girdle. In one day, nevertheless, the ancient and bloody distinction disappeared! The swords vanished, and the old order passed away with them. You may now buy in a curio-shop the gold-hilted blade which kept a province in fear, and as likely as not your boy, and your daughter's *musmee*, are children of a Samurai, who has gone into business, and has quite forgotten even the rules and regulations of the *seppuku*.

This *seppuku*—more vulgarly styled *hara-kiri*, or “belly-cutting”—was the offspring and crown of the Japanese cult of the sword, and a most solemn and dignified ceremony. If his crime were not *per se* very heinous or disgraceful, the Samurai was allowed to die voluntarily, by his beloved steel; but the mode of death rendered it almost the highest distinction. The warrior notified to die was placed in charge of a great nobleman. New mats with white binding, covered with white silk, were stretched for his seat; flags with quotations from the sacred books were placed at the four corners; and the candles in bamboo-stands were also wrapped in the same mourning badges. An excessive illumination was, however, thought not decorous. Two screens of white paper shut from sight the short, sharp dirk, laid reverently upon a lacquered tray, the new white bucket to hold the head, the incense-burner, the pail of water, and the copper basin.

The honored criminal dines, bathes, puts on his dress of ceremony, and takes his seat on the mats at the "hour of the monkey," about four in the afternoon. Censors attend from the government to witness the proceedings, and the doomed but dignified Samurai is accompanied by six gentlemen, of whom two are his especial seconds, *kaishi-ku*, who may be his close friends, and must be persons of rank, well acquainted with the use of the sword. It was high etiquette to borrow from the criminal his own weapon, which the chief *kaishi-ku* would hold behind him, ready to employ at the proper moment. That moment arrived when the tray, covered with white embroidered silk, bearing the dirk, was most respectfully presented to the victim, who reaching out to take it, and to raise it to his forehead, first hitched his sleeves under his knees, in order that he might fall forward, and not backward, for that would be dishonorable. Actual disembowelling was seldom or never performed. The Samurai plunged the dirk, more or less deeply, into the left side of his abdomen, and at that instant, or sometimes even while he reached out for the weapon, his chief second struck off his head. Afterward, while he knelt and wiped the blade with white paper, the junior *kaishi-ku* took up the head and presented it to the censors for identification, carrying it by the top-knot upon thick paper laid on the palm of his hand.

I must forbid myself altogether to dwell upon Japanese art, although it forms so large a part of the life of the people, who are, as the Greeks were, a nation of artists; greatest, no doubt, in little things. What the Japanese painter and designer loves most is line; and never have there been such masters in this respect. The great exhibition of the present year in Tokio shows the chief draughtsmen and painters passing into a new style, where they will employ modern methods and try to adopt the European technique. Nobody can yet tell what is to come of this; at present the results are not very promising. But they have



A JAPANESE DANCE.

nothing to learn as carvers of ivory and wood and metal, as workers in bronze, and at the exquisite cloisonné enamel, the latest specimens of which are the very finest. In porcelain again, though Japan seems to have learned it from Corea, she has done, as everybody knows, wonderful things since 1600 A.D. In the art of lacquer the Japanese surpass the whole world, but it needs an education to recognize and appreciate really first-class specimens of this. As for Japanese music, there is not much to praise in it. The *samisen* twangles everywhere; but its effects are terribly meagre, the airs played are sadly monotonous; the only time is common time; there is no harmony, and though Japanese women have delightful voices, rendering their language always musical, the style of singing which they adopt is forced, nasal, and unnatural. But of their dancing—which is Javanese rather than Japanese in origin—I confess myself a confirmed votary and admirer. It has not indeed the measured grace of the Indian nautch-girl, and quite ignores, of course—being Japanese, and therefore sober, restrained, and, in an Asiatic way, Greek—the vigorous gymnastics of the European ballet, or the violent exercises of a London ballroom. But if you love charm of changing line, rhythmical movement so conceived and executed that picture passes into picture conveying unbroken and delicate ideas; if you know how to appreciate in the really accomplished *geisha* that which she can show you, a nameless, fleeting, subtle delight of fluttering robes and glancing feet, gliding and combining grace, music, and motion as the figures of Chœphori do on the friezes of Phidias, then you will be pleased, as you sit among the lacquered dishes of your Japanese dinner, to watch the *maiko* dressed like flowers and waving like flowers in the wind to the strings of the *koto*, *samisen*, and the throbs of the drum. These dances are all more or less dramatic, but there are others, including the religious, historical, and idyllic dances of the *No*, which are entirely classical, traditional, and complicated by allusion, being conse-

quently very difficult to understand without a key. A most beautiful performance witnessed in the grounds of the governor



THE "NO" DANCE.

of Tokio would have been in any case charming, but perfectly unintelligible without the programmes distributed by his Excel-

lency among the guests. By the help of these we comprehended that the skilful *danseuse* in gold and blue, gliding hither and thither, was Fujimusmee, a "Wistaria Maiden," disappointed in love. She laments over the fickleness of her lover. She sends him many love-letters, but they are never answered. So she believes that he must have fallen in love with some other maiden. She dances eloquently to a song expressing her constant but despairing affection for him. "Beauteous as are the many-colored clusters, none is as fair as thou. For the butterfly that I have left behind, it doubtless blooms and smiles forgetting me." We also learned to follow with informed interest the twinkling steps and wandering evolutions of O Kofuji, in the dance of a damsel styled "The Pine Breeze on the Beach." Her light feet expounded how, in very ancient days, a noble of high rank, by name Yukihiro, during his short sojourn at a seaside village named Sumanoura (Beach of Suna), fell in love with a maiden of low birth named Matsukaze (Pine-breeze). The maiden's love for him was ten times as great. But on account of the difference of their ranks they loved in vain and were soon parted. Long after the deaths of these lovers there lived at Sumanoura a girl called Kofuji, a salt-maker's daughter. The unsatisfied and longing spirit of Matsukaze fills this girl. Kofuji thinks that everything she sees is Yukihiro, who was Matsukaze's love. She fixes on a pine-tree which she believes to be her lover, and, believing that she is called by him, runs up to it. Another character, Konobei, is in love with Kofuji, and as she utters words of passion, he, imagining that they are addressed to him, expresses his willingness to return her love. It is simply a dance of a love-lorn girl in company with a rural swain, but full of such grace, such artistic spirit, such measured marriage of foot and heart, that a Parisian or Viennese *pas-seul* became a clumsy athleticism matched with it.

Japanese names well deserve a paragraph to themselves. The

men, if of good descent, have the *Kabane*, a sort of clan or house-name like "Akimoto," "Tachibane," "Fukuzawa." The *Myoji* is the surname, very frequently derived from localities, the birthplaces of the family, as *Amenomori*, "the grove where it



"FUJI MUSMEE."

rains;" *Tanaka*, "amid the rice-fields;" *Yama-moto*, "at the mountain's foot." Then there is the personal appellation, like *Gentaro*, *Tsunejiro*, often answering to our "Septimus," "Decimus," and describing the order of a boy's birth in the family; but the *jitsamyo*, or true name, is more frequently employed in lieu of this, and corresponds to our Christian name, such as

Marashige, Yoshisada, Tamotsu, Takeji, Mano. Then there is the *Azana*, a kind of title, much affected by Chinese scholars, and the *nom de plume* or *de pinceau* taken by literary or artistic Japanese—persons being not uncommonly called after the style of their residences. Mr. Chamberlain adduces, as examples, *Bashô-an*, “banana-hermitage-man,” and *Suzanoya-no-Aruji*, “the master of the abode with the bell.” This is termed the *go*. And there is also the *Geimyô*, another fashion of name adopted by actors, singing-girls, dancers, and professional story-tellers, who never go by their proper appellations, but bear one to which they have succeeded at a tea-house, or theatre, or yadaya. Thus the most celebrated of living Japanese dramatic performers, who can melt the hardest hearts in the “Forty-seven Rônins” and fill a theatre with fluttering paper handkerchiefs, drawn from the sleeve to wipe away the tears of sympathy or blow the nose of admiration, is not really *Tchikawa Danjûrô*, but Mr. Horikoshi Shn. Great people, when they die, receive a brand new cognomen, as, for instance, do all the Mikados—this is called the *Okarina*, or “going-away name.” Indeed, every Buddhist of Japan, at his or her demise, gets, in the same way, the *Kaimyô* or posthumous appellation, ending with *in*, *koji*, *shinshi*, *shinjo*, or *doji*, according to the age, sex, rank, and sect of the departed. But by some happy chance the names of the women are almost always pretty and poetical, being conferred after some flower, tree, natural object, cardinal virtue, or word of good luck. Thus very usual appellatives are *O Yuki San*, *O Tatsu San*, *O Kiku San*, *O Kin San*, *O Haru San*, *O Shika San*, *O Take San*, and *O Tori San*, which may be translated “The Honorable Ladies,” “Snow,” “Dragon,” “Chrysanthemum,” “Gold,” “Spring,” “Antelope,” “Bamboo,” and “Bird.” Among the names registered on the books of the Goshiwara, given in a recent official guide, were: “Little Pine,” “Little Butterfly,” “Brightness of the Flowers,” “The Jewel River,” “Gold Moun-

tain," "Pearl Harp," "The Stork that Lives a Thousand Years," "Village of Flowers," "Sea Beach," "The Little Dragon," "Little Purple," "Silver," "Chrysanthemum," "Waterfall," "White Brightness," and "Forest of Cherries."



DANJURO, THE FIRST ACTOR IN JAPAN.
In the "Forty-seven Rônins" and other characters.

Lightly as religion sits on the minds of these charming people, they are still, like Westerns, for the matter of that, full of superstitions. In point of fact all races are vastly alike in this respect, illustrating the pernicious consequence of bad theologies; "*Doko no kuni demo hito no kokoro wa chingawanai*," says the Japanese proverb, meaning, "The hearts of men are of the

same sort everywhere." Thus you find the Japanese immense believers in dreams and divination. The night of January 2d is the great time for noting visions. Everybody must then notice and record what he or she dreams. There are thirty-eight varieties of vision perfectly catalogued and provided for. The first four are simply of splendid augury, namely, to see in slumber Fuji-San, a falcon, egg-fruit, *i.e.*, the dark purple apple of the *nasubi*, or the upper sky. To dream of the dawn signifies recovery from illness. To dream of the sun and moon falling signifies the loss of one's parents, and of swallowing the sun and moon, to have a distinguished child. To dream of being struck by lightning means to be visited by a signal stroke of prosperity, and of hearing thunder to obtain promotion. To dream of being surrounded by clouds means to prosper in business, but a black cloud whirling downward portends illness. To dream of frost is a bad omen generally. To dream of being caught in rain presages a good and gratuitous feed of rice and *saké*. To dream of wind blowing means to become sick. To dream of sunrise signifies marked promotion; of the stars coming out, of great fortune; of an earthquake, to obtain advancement. To dream of a big stone signifies to acquire wealth; and of a big stone placed in a garden, or of mounting on a rock, is also fortunate, though in a more general way. To dream of having a drain dug is a happy presage, but the vision of a land-slide is a bad business. To dream of planting trees or smelling the perfume of flowers is good, but to dream of entering a room is bad. To dream of eating a pear presages divorce, and of eating a persimmon sickness to one's self, while a vision of a mulberry-tree means sickness for one's child. The hair plays an important part in dreams. If one sees it whitening, or dreams of getting it dressed or washed, the omen is excellent; whereas to dream of its falling out signifies an evil fate for one's child. To lose one's teeth in a dream presages separation from relatives. It is good

to dream of getting an eruption on one's face, but bad to dream of perspiration. It is also an excellent thing to dream of gold and silver coming out of one's mouth, or of drinking milk; but if one dreams of getting promotion, misfortune is in the air. A vision of being wounded by a burglar portends the receipt of a favor from some unexpected quarter, and, strange to say, to dream of wearing mourning points to speedy promotion, while to see a funeral in sleep is a sign of coming joy. Then there is a series of dreams to which the interpretation of general good fortune attaches; they are to dream of being introduced to a distinguished personage; of being in a lofty upper story; of a light breaking from one's body; of moving into a new house; of putting on a winter garment; and of looking into a mirror. On the other hand, it is extremely bad to dream of breaking a mirror, while to dream of receiving a mirror or a wine-cup presages the birth of a fine child. Finally, to dream of breaking a door means that one's servants will run away.

It will be noticed the Japanese seers, or vision-readers, follow the Irish maxim of "dhrames going by conthrairies," and interpret the most melancholy visions in the happiest spirit. I myself happened to caution some Japanese ladies, at a railway crossing, mentioning that I had dreamed recently we were all cut to pieces by a passing train. "*Oh! shi awase! naru-hodo!*" one exclaimed. "Really, how very fortunate! Nothing could be of better omen," and she appeared truly radiant at what had seemed to me a very ill-starred thing. Perhaps it is part of the national habit of taking all untoward things lightly. The universal silent social compact to make existence as agreeable for everybody as possible, includes in Japan the custom of never seeming to take personal woes to heart; above all, of never saddening other people with them. You may generally tell if some disaster has occurred to a friend or servant, by their extreme cheerfulness of demeanor at the time. Yet they are really

very sensitive and impressionable, and like the Athenians, "in all things *δεισιδαιμονίοι*," so that the priests make most of their slender revenues out of copper coins given for charms; the wire netting of the temple-gates are covered with paper prayers, chewed into pellets, and spat at the guardian gods; and I have seen an intelligent lady, who was sick, while the doctor was being sent for, swallow devoutly a little paper picture of Buddha, and afterward ascribe her recovery more to that rude illustration of "the unspeakable" than to the hypodermic injection of morphia, which really gave the gentle patient sleep and restoration. Plenty of the common folk still believe that there lives a hare in the moon who pestles rice; and that the moon turns red in autumn because a great maple-tree there changes the color of its foliage at that season to scarlet; as also that two stars, Vega and the brightest orb of Aquila, were formerly a herdsman and a weaving girl, who now live on opposite sides of the "Milky River," and cross it to meet and make love once every seven years. At the graves of Shirai Gompachi and Komurasaki, the typical lovers of Tokio in old times, there is a waterfall by a temple, which is led through the mouth of a brazen dragon and falls in a thick stream with considerable force. It is considered that to stand under this for three hours will wash away a whole twelve-month's peccadilloes, and accordingly you may see, not only in summer-time, when such a penance is rather agreeable, but in the depth of winter, a credulous sinner meekly taking the full stream of the *taki* upon his repentant head.

You will notice on every fan, picture, and document emanating from Japan a stamp affixed. It is the *mon mis eban* or *jitsuin*, and all shops, banks, artists, establishments, individuals, possess this special seal for the purposes of signature and receipts. In old times the sovereign used to sign treaties with his palm dipped in blood or vermilion, and even to-day a prisoner seals his statement before justice with the tip of his thumb.

Practically everybody uses an engraved stamp every day for all sorts of purposes. The business of stamp-engraving is quite an industry, there being an engraver's shop in almost every street. When a student joins a school he must have his stamp ; when money is paid to any government office, the payer has to hand in the sum with a paper stamped with his *jitsuin* ; when an heir succeeds to a family estate, it is the custom for him to provide himself with a new stamp. When a company is started, however small may be its capital, and however slight its credit, its stamp at least will be more or less a work of art and a thing of beauty. You choose a monogram, a Chinese character, a word, or a motto for your seal, which may be registered. Mine bears the Japanese proverb, *Wataru sekai ni, oni wa nashi*, "I have wandered all over the world without meeting one devil !"



IMPRESSION OF THE PALM
OF THE EMPEROR GO-
SHIRA-KAWA, USED BY
HIM AS A SEAL.
(Reigned A.D. 1156-58.)

I hope I have not spoken unjustly about the Japanese man. He is full of good qualities, and does well to be proud of himself and his country, a poet whereof has well written :

Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito towaba
Asa-hi ni niou
Yama-zakura-bana !

Which may be translated :

"If it shall happen that one
Ask'd the Japanese heart,
'How may we know it apart?'
Point where the cherry-blooms wave,
Lightsome and bright and brave,
In the gold of the morning sun,
There is the Japanese heart !"

A great future awaits Japan and the Japanese man, I believe, but he will have to be better aware of the goodness of his gods in bestowing such women upon the country. In the ever-extending education of the gentler sex resides, I think, the chief condition for the happy development of the land. At present there exists too much of the spirit expressed in the native proverb, *Shichinin no ko wo nasu to mo, onna ni kokoro wo yurusu-na*, meaning, "Though a woman has borne you seven children, never trust her!" It is still true, as Mr. Chamberlain writes :

"Japanese women are most womanly—kind, gentle, pretty. But the way in which they are treated by the men has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart. No wonder that some of them are at last endeavoring to emancipate themselves. A woman's lot is summed up in what are termed, 'the three obediences'—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when widowed, to a son. At the present moment the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is still her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on his walks abroad, waits upon him at meals, may be divorced at his good pleasure. Two grotesquely different influences are at work to undermine this state of slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes! The same individual who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed *à la Japonaise*, lets her go in first when she is dressed *à la Européenne*. It is to be feared, however, that such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home where there is no one by to see; for most Japanese men, even in this very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Still, it is a first step that even on *some* occasions consideration for women should at least be simulated."

Perhaps the new civil code and the opening parliament will

introduce nobler laws and new recognition of the debt which Japan owes to her gentle, patient, bright, and soft-souled woman-kind. Perhaps, on the other hand, in meddling with her old-world Asiatic grace and status, modern ideas will spoil this sweetest Daughter of the Sun! At all events, in bidding farewell to Japan, every visitor's last and most grateful *sayonaras* will be addressed in thought to her, more than to anybody or anything else in the *Kami-no-kuni*, the "country of the gods;" and the sound lingering longest in his ears will assuredly be her musical *Mata, dozo, irrashai!* "Be pleased to come again!"



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S SEAL.



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